



Xochimilco (Floating Gardens), Near Mexico

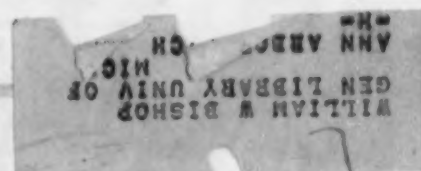
# The ★ Rotarian

APRIL • • 1948

S. KENDRICK GUERNSEY . . . *Confidently Yours*

KENNETH DIRLAM . . . *That Message to Garcia*

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## Talking It Over

LETTERS FROM  
READERS OF THE ROTARIAN

### Re: 'Jobs for Heroes'

By VIVIAN D. CORBLI, Rotarian  
National Adjutant  
American Disabled Veterans  
Cincinnati, Ohio

We certainly appreciate Rotary's interest in disabled veterans, as indicated by the publication of the article *Jobs for Heroes!*, by Lewis B. Schwellenbach [THE ROTARIAN for December].

We have noted that some Clubs, especially the Rotary Club of New York, New York, are active in getting jobs for deserving disabled veterans.

### 'Bad Boys' Changed Father

Finds JOHN DALLAVALUX  
Author and Boy Counsellor  
Rutland, Vermont

The reaction to my article, 'Bad Boys' Are My Specialty [THE ROTARIAN for November, 1947], was most unbelievable. I have had many letters from all over the world about it. . . . So I am greatly in your debt and the results show that your magazine is read.

A letter came in today from a Syracuse University student saying, "I read your article in THE ROTARIAN and when I showed my father the part about giving more time to their sons, he has been a different father since. He never gave me much time and I always missed it."

### A Paul Harris Fellow's Visit

Told by ROBERT F. POLLOCK  
Rotarian  
Rutherglen, Scotland

The Rotary Club of Rutherglen last week-end had a visit from William P. Barker, a Paul Harris Fellow [for account of more Fellows see *From Men You've Sent to School*, by Harry H. Rogers, THE ROTARIAN for March]. Mr. Barker is a very fine type of young man and he is justifying the honor placed on him in giving him a Fellowship.

His visit was made the occasion for the Rotary Club's first church service in view of the fact that he is a divinity student and is pursuing his studies at New College, Edinburgh. We discovered our request would result in Mr. Barker giving his first sermon and it was particularly appropriate that it should take place in Rutherglen, for it claims to be the oldest Burgh in Scotland, having received its Charter from King David I in 1126.

The service was held in Wardlawhill Church and was conducted by the Reverend William Wright, B.D., a founder member of the Club. The Lessons were read by Frank B. Finlay, the Club's President. The praise included the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, and the opportunity was taken during the service to express gratitude for the goodwill which exists between this country and America.

Mr. Barker took as the text the words "Be still and know that I am God" from the 46th Psalm. He observed that the



aim of the present generation is to pack as much as possible into each day and to do everything with the greatest possible haste, with the result that our lives are full of hustle, bustle, and noise, so much so that many are "tired and weary and sick of trying and scared of dying." King David, the Psalmist, had been a busy king, he pointed out, but he had never forgotten the lessons learned while he was a shepherd boy and his life had been enriched by the spiritual experiences he had had during the silences on the hills while he watched his sheep. "Busyness" is almost the password of the 20th Century, he said, and we are in danger of leaving God out altogether.

Mr. Barker reminded us Rotarians that while the motto "Service above Self" is a very fine one, we should be careful to search the reasons for the service which we render and the methods by which we render service, for service without God is shallow and a shell. He exhorted his hearers to look for inspiration by taking time to be still and know God.

#### Students Read It . . .

Notes MORT GREENSTONE  
Women's Clothing Retailer  
Governor, Rotary District 163  
Paris, Tennessee

I ran into a most interesting observation on THE ROTARIAN and REVISTA ROTARIA on my recent visit to the Rotary Club of Knoxville. The Club decided to make a survey of the recipients of the two magazines whose subscriptions it is paying for in Knoxville and Knox County. The survey showed that the magazines were being used by the students of the various schools and in the libraries to a much greater extent than the Club had ever hoped for, and that, in fact, their use ran second only to *The Reader's Digest*.

#### Re: Amerinds in Rotary

By JOHN B. BROWN  
Honorary Rotarian  
Phoenix, Arizona

In her letter in *Talking It Over* [THE ROTARIAN for February] Mrs. Grace Hoster expressed the belief that Thomas K. Cosgrove, of Blackfoot, Idaho, is "the only American Indian [Amerind] Rotarian, thus giving the Blackfoot Club a unique distinction."

I knew for some years Charley Cooley, a half-blood Apache of the White Mountain band. He was a member and served one term as President of the Club in Holbrook, Arizona. His classification was retail lumber dealer. . . .

Charley, who died about two years ago, was the son of a full-blood Apache mother and of Captain Cooley, the latter famous for his part in the naming of the town of Showlow, Arizona.

#### 'White Man' Brings Memories

For HOWARD C. MEANS, Rotarian  
Civil Engineer  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Meet *White Man* Runs Him [THE ROTARIAN for January], relating an account of Dr. W. A. Petzoldt's life with the Crow Indians in Montana, recalled very

vividly my 20 years' life with the tribal affairs in connection with irrigation construction from March 1, 1893 (then a 17-year-old lad on the survey party) until 1913, when I resigned my commission as Superintendent of Irrigation and Special Disbursing Agent in the Indian Service.

In 1893 the Government was organizing the original irrigation construction work on the Crow Reservation, which, incidentally, was the first irrigation construction ever undertaken by the Government. Aleck Greene came into the Indian Service at this time as clerk of the Crow Irrigation Survey and was connected with the Indian Service a large part of his life until his retirement in 1944 on account of age. Born in Ireland he was in medical school in London, England, at the time Buffalo Bill had his Wild West and Indian Show there, which was about 1883. Aleck immediately became more interested in

the Indians and Wild West than in his medical studies and resolved to come to America and the West to become acquainted with Indian life.

Two years later this opportunity came when he came into possession of his inheritance from his father's estate. Early in 1886 he was in New York, then in St. Paul, Minnesota. He contacted a banker in St. Paul, who owned the sutler store at Fort Custer, Montana, which was on the Crow Reservation in the center of the Crow territory, and was employed as bookkeeper there. He arrived at Fort Custer, took over his job, and immediately commenced to acquire a working knowledge of the Crow language.

He discarded civilized clothing, let his hair grow over his shoulders, dressed as an Indian, and, to all interests and purposes, became as wild an Indian as any Crow. During the several years he lived with the Crows [Continued on page 48]



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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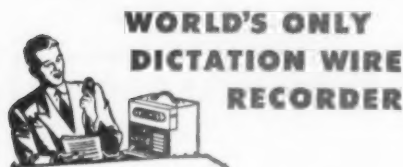
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## Questions and Answers

**WHAT is senior active membership?**

A brief explanation is that a senior active member in a Rotary Club is a nonclassified member who has been an active Rotarian for 20 or more years, or who has reached the age of 65, after having been an active Rotarian for at least five years, or who has served as an officer of Rotary International, and who has elected to accept senior active membership instead of his previously designated classification. The difference between a senior active member and a past service member is that the senior active member has not retired from business, while the past service member has retired. Both senior and past service members are nonclassified, active members.

**What is the duration of senior active membership in a Rotary Club?**

Senior active membership terminates if and when a senior active member ceases to reside within the territorial limits of his Club, or within the residential territory recognized as the suburbs of the city in which the Club is located.

**What are the qualifications for honorary membership in a Rotary Club?**

Any adult male person who has distinguished himself by meritorious service in the furtherance of Rotary ideals, who resides within or who is definitely associated with the territorial limits of the Club, may be elected to honorary membership in the Club.

**What are the conditions of honorary membership?**

An honorary member pays no fees or dues. He is not considered as representing any business or profession, has no vote, and cannot hold office. He is entitled to attend all meetings and enjoys all other privileges of the Club. An honorary member has no rights or privileges in any Club other than that of which he is a member.

Honorary membership terminates on the first day of July next after the date of election, but the Club Board of Directors may continue the honorary membership from year to year.

**Are there any provisions for diplomatic or consular membership in a Rotary Club?**

Yes. In those localities where the business of foreign Government representation is relatively important, the RI Board of Directors recommends that a fuller representation of consular and diplomatic service might be obtained by the admission of such representatives as honorary members.

### *A Little Lesson in Rotary*

**¿QUE requisitos debe llenar el socio veterano de un Rotary club?**

En breve, un socio veterano de un Rotary club es un socio sin clasificación, que haya sido rotario activo por 20 o más años, o que haya llegado a la edad de 65 años después de haber sido rotario activo

por lo menos por cinco años, o que haya servido como funcionario de Rotary International y que haya sido elegido para aceptar la calidad de socio veterano activo en lugar de la clasificación previamente asignada a él. La diferencia entre un socio veterano activo y un socio de servicio anterior estriba en que el socio veterano activo no se ha retirado de los negocios, mientras que el socio de servicio anterior sí. Tanto el socio veterano activo como el de servicio anterior son socios activos sin clasificación.

**¿Cuánto dura la calidad de socio activo veterano de un Rotary club?**

El socio veterano deja de serlo al dejar de residir dentro de los límites territoriales de su club o dentro del territorio residencial reconocido como suburbio de la ciudad sede de su club.

**¿Cuáles son los requisitos para socios honorarios de un Rotary club?**

Podrán ser elegidos socios honorarios los varones mayores de edad que se hayan distinguido por servicios meritorios en la promoción de los ideales rotarios, y que residan dentro de los límites territoriales del club o se hallen claramente ligados a dicho territorio.

**¿Cuáles son las condiciones para los socios honorarios?**

El socio honorario está exento de pagar cuotas. No se considerará como representante de ningún negocio o profesión; no tendrá voto, ni podrá ser elegido para ningún cargo en el club; pero tendrá derecho a asistir a las reuniones del club y disfrutar de todos los demás privilegios del mismo. El socio honorario no disfrutará de derechos ni privilegios en ningún club fuera del propio.

El socio honorario dejará de serlo el primero de julio subsiguiente a la fecha de su admisión, pero la junta directiva del club puede acordar, año tras año, la prorrogación del nombramiento.

**¿Existen disposiciones relativas a miembros del cuerpo consular o diplomáticos como socios de Rotary clubs?**

Sí. En los lugares en que la representación de gobiernos extranjeros tenga relativa importancia, la junta directiva de R. I. recomienda la posibilidad de que se cuente con una más amplia representación del servicio exterior mediante la admisión de tales representantes como socios honorarios.

*These questions and answers are taken from Getting Acquainted with Rotary (Pamphlet No. 38 issued by Rotary International). If you want further opportunity to "read Rotary" in Spanish, you will find it in REVISTA ROTARIA, Rotary's magazine published in that language. A one-year subscription in the Americas is \$1.50.*

Estas preguntas y respuestas fueron tomadas del folleto No. 38-S de Rotary International 121 Preguntas y Respuestas, Un Medio de Familiarizarse con Rotary. Si desea usted otras oportunidades de "leer Rotary" en español, las encontrará en REVISTA ROTARIA.



■ JULIO E. DESCOLE manages a tin-fabricating firm in Avellaneda, Argentina, and is active in banking, business, and real-estate circles. He once headed the Argentine Congress of Industry and Commerce. ROTARIAN DESCOLE is a Past District Governor and international Committee Chairman.



■ FELIPE SILVA is a Cuban attorney who serves as counsel for several international corporations. In addition, he is on the faculty of the Cienfuegos School of Commerce. Rotarywise, he has been Club President, District Governor, and International Director and Committee member.



■ KENNETH DIRLAM, now assistant secretary of a building and loan association in Mansfield, Ohio, was formerly sales manager of Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Shops, which he describes. He is a Past President of the Mansfield Rotary Club.

This month's cover photo is by RICHARD TORP from F.P.G. It shows a typical flower-filled canoe and vendor on a canal of Lake Xochimilco near Mexico City. The many little island-gardens originated from earth-filled baskets in which the Aztecs once grew vegetables and flowers.

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# Confidently Yours

DRAW UP A CHAIR, FELLOW ROTARIAN. THE PRESIDENT OF OUR WORLD ORGANIZATION HAS SOME VIEWS TO SHARE.

By S. Kendrick Guernsey

*President of Rotary International*

**T**WENTY-SEVEN years of Rotary experience had led me to think I had a reasonable understanding of our movement when you elected me President last June. The past eight months have shown me that I was only in the elementary school of Rotary knowledge.

Some 60,000 miles of world travel, many international meetings, and a large global correspondence have now given me a postgraduate course in Rotary. I would like to share with you, my fellow Rotarian, some of the things I have learned.

In Siam last Autumn on our Rotary visit to the Far East, Edythe and I saw many young Buddhist priests on the roads. Attired in brilliant yellow robes, each carried a tray or basket. Into these receptacles passers-by dropped coins, food, and clothing for the poor. By such service, explained Bangkok Rotarians, these young priests were laying up heavenly credits—not for themselves, but for their mothers and sisters. It is a Buddhist belief, we learned, that no female can enter heaven. If, however, she amasses enough credits in her lifetime, she may hope for masculinity in her reincarnation. The young priests were, in other words, working for a second chance for others.

The world of 1948 has a second chance in its hands. Young people, in large part, earned it for us. The great question is whether we are wise enough to make something of it or whether, once again, we shall tragically let it slip through our fingers. The thing I have learned is that Rotarians everywhere—whether in Bangkok, Hong Kong, Dunedin, Milan, or wherever else

—sense fully that we have a heavy responsibility in the realization of that second chance. Yet, almost without exception and in spite of daily crises, they believe that our way is not the way of the spectacular peace resolution, but rather of good, hard individual local service. They know that Governments can only *negotiate truces*, that only the people can *build the peace*.

So they hold that when a new little Rotary Club in Mexico brings local businessmen together in informal friendly acquaintance for the first time in 400 years, that makes for peace . . . that when an oil dealer in the Eastern United States refuses to go along with a price raise just to "get while the getting is good," that makes for peace . . . that when the Rotary Club of Christchurch, New Zealand, dedicates a new hostel to the education and joys of youth—I was immensely proud to lay the cornerstone—it, too, works for peace . . . that when the Rotary Club of Thornton-Cleveleys, England, invites 21 Netherlands young people—sons and daughters of Middleburg Rotarians—to come across the Channel and spend a few days with their own sons and daughters, the cause of world understanding has again been buttressed in a little but solid way.

The slow way, yes. But recall the story André Maurois tells of the great French Marshal Lyauté. Inspecting war devastation in North Africa, he found a cedar grove shelled to matchsticks. "We must replant it," he said to an aide.

"But," said the aide, "it takes 2,000 years to grow cedars like these."

"Then," answered the Marshal, "we must get busy at once."

Keep Rotary simple. Work

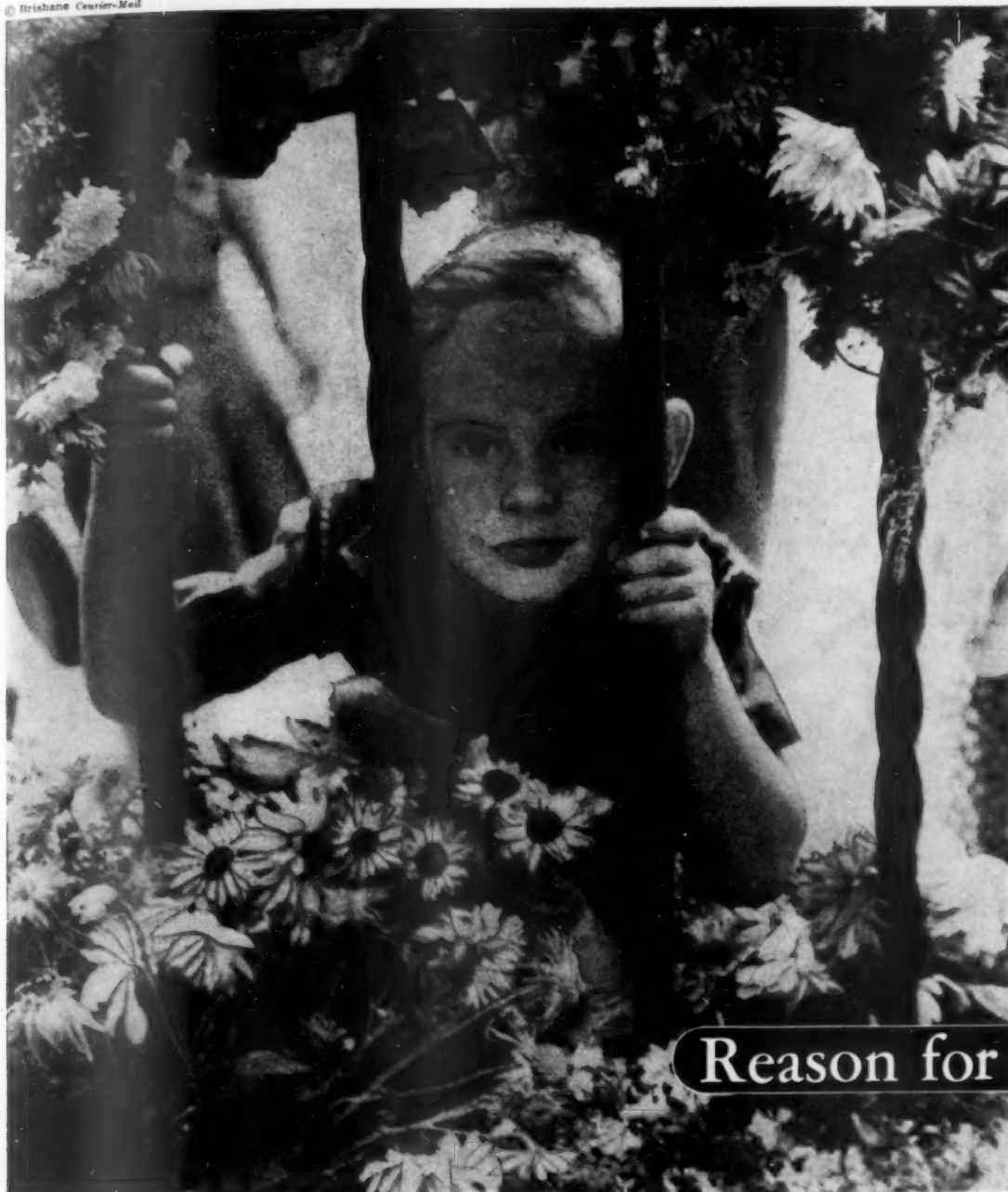
through the individual. Let his Club so train and inspire him for service that he will raise the quality of thought and work in every sphere in which he moves. I have believed that all my Rotary life. I have said it from many a platform and in these pages. It is, I believe, Rotary's best technique. I have learned, however, that there are many things we can and must do corporately—as an association of 6,400 Clubs with 310,000 members in some 80 countries.

At my elbow just now is a sheaf of letters from 18 young men. They are the excellent young fellows whom we, as a corporation, have sent to lands other than their own for advanced study. They are our Paul Harris Rotary Foundation Fellows. "A Rotary Fellowship means much more than a mere sum of money," writes a Seattle boy from Paris. You know what he means when, reading on in his letter, you discover that Paris Rotarians have taken him into their homes, their factories, their art museums, and their hearts. "I am," he says, "developing a profound respect and deep friendship for the French people."

**S**O RUN the other letters, all of which I wish you, too, might read. Even so, the greatest good from these Fellowships will come when these young men return to their own countries and tell their fellow citizens what they have learned of life in the lands in which they have been studying.

When the United Nations announced a few weeks ago that it would choose one young man from each of its member nations to serve as an intern at Lake Success this Summer, that gave us an idea. These young men, we learned, [Continued on page 57]





## Reason for Peace

Dennis knew it was a special day of some kind. He was all dressed up . . . soldiers were parading . . . ladies were carrying flowers. Brisbane, Australia, had stopped to honor its war dead. At the moment this picture was taken, Dennis—who is about 4, wouldn't you say?—was watching his grandmother. She had gone inside a fenced square to lay a wreath at a Shrine of Remembrance—for her husband who had died on Gallipoli two wars ago. . . . Our heroes, we said, were fighting for little chaps like Dennis. Maybe when communities celebrate Boys and Girls Week—as hundreds will April 24 to May 1—they show that they are carrying on that fight—for a greater chance for more children here and to come.

# ORVILLE WRIGHT-

By Leland D. Case

Editor of THE ROTARIAN



*Though shy and highly allergic to personal publicity, Orville Wright has always been thoughtfully aware of current affairs. Here he holds a model he made with features now used in dive bombers.*

On January 30, Orville Wright died in Dayton, Ohio, where he and his brother, Wilbur, invented the machine which within a generation has changed the way men and nations live and think. His last press interview—only a few weeks before his death—is recounted herewith.—THE EDITORS.

EVERY airplane that flies—from beetle-size models fed from an eye-dropper to that six-engined monster in California—is a mechanical grandson of the fragile contraption of sticks, wire, and canvas that lifted itself for 12 seconds from the North Carolina sand dunes only 45 years ago. It flew 120 feet—which is three feet less than the wing span of the Constellation that took me to Dayton, Ohio, to talk with the man who made that first of all flights in a powered, heavier-than-air machine: Orville Wright.

Now 77, he continues a lifetime habit. Each weekday from 8:30

to 6, with an hour for lunch, he works in a modest brick building on a side street. No sign is on the door or window and none is needed.

"Oh, that's Mr. Wright's office and shop," the taxi driver told me when I had given the address. "Everybody here knows that."

But local as well as global fame came unbidden to the cordial little man in a blue pin-striped double-breasted suit who greeted me. His grip was firm, but his is a sensitive, thoughtful face with questing blue eyes. Smile grooves that cut the corners of his clipped gray mustache deepened as he motioned me to a sturdy chair.

How like Paul Harris, I thought, both in manner and appearance. I mentioned the resemblance and that Rotary's Founder, always avid for new experiences, had first flown when planes were "flying crates" and cockpit passengers wore glass goggles and linen dust-ers.

"Perhaps you are like him in an-

other way," I suggested. "Paul wrote in THE ROTARIAN a few months before he died that he had never worn the prophet's mantle—that he didn't dream the Rotary Club he was starting in Chicago—about the time you were pioneering the airplane—would ever become a world-wide movement. Did you expect your brain child to grow into aviation as we know it today?"

"Not at all," chuckled Mr. Wright. "We—my brother Wilbur and I—did it for fun. We got interested in the problem of whether it was possible to fly and we kept at it because we wanted to see if we could work it out."

"Not to make money?"

Mr. Wright's amused glance was answer enough. "No," he said, "at one time we would have sold out for very little—very little. If our first interest had been money, we would have tried something in which chances for success were brighter!"

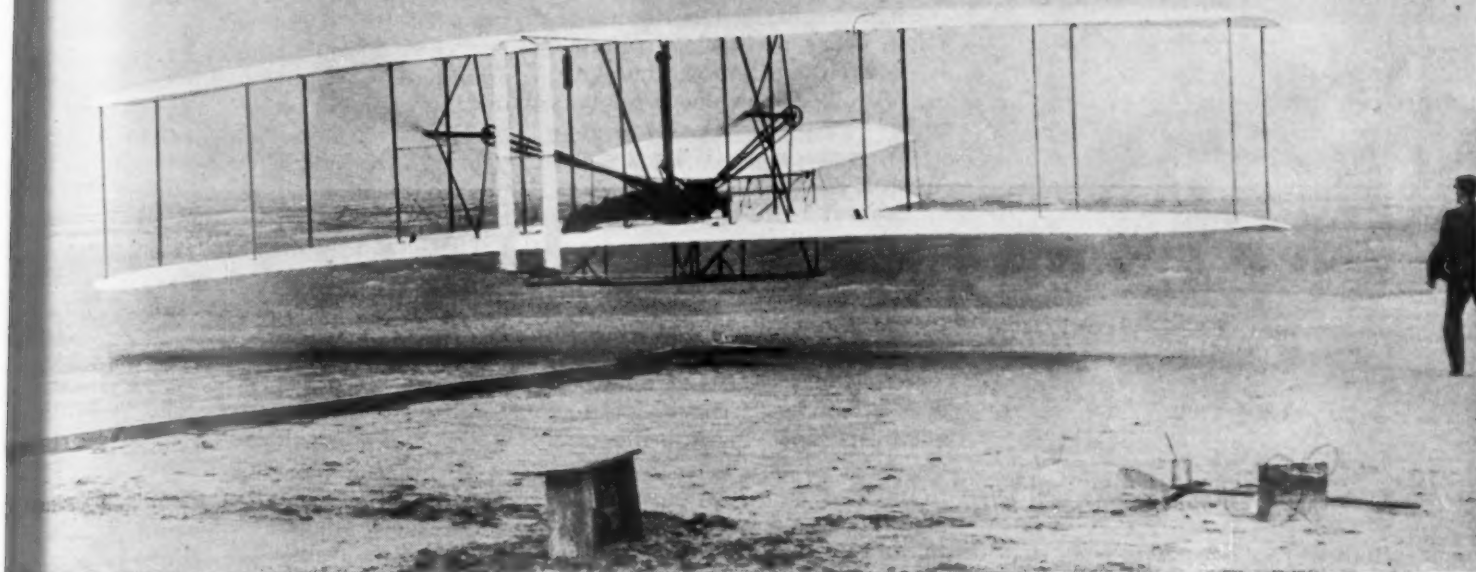
Hopes for flying were at low ebb in 1903. Any schoolboy could get laughs with a recitation of the poem about "Darius Green and his flying machine." After spending \$100,000 on experiments, Sir Hiram Maxim had given up. Efforts in Europe and America to produce even a safe glider had failed. Rear Admiral George W. Melville, chief engineer of the U. S. Navy, wrote in the *North American Review* that flying in a heavier-than-air device was an absurdity. And Professor Simon New-com, distinguished astronomer and physicist, set forth profoundly logical reasons why it was scientifically impossible.

In the face of such erudite dis-

Unusual  
Rotarians



# 'First Man to Fly'



*Historic moment! It's December 17, 1903, and Orville Wright (prone on lower wing) has just taken off for a 120-foot hop—the first flight by man in a heavier-than-air, powered machine.*

*Note the details—the monorail track and Wilbur Wright trotting alongside. This reproduction is from a print off the original glass-plate negative, through special permission of Mr. Wright.*

couragement, Wilbur and Orville Wright, two bicycle repair men who had never gone to college, went to work on the problem—for fun.

It was a toy helicopter spun by a rubber band, Orville Wright recalled, that first piqued their curiosity about flying. Alphonse Pénaud, a Frenchman, had invented it in 1871, and their father gave them one while Wilbur and Orville were lads. Though they wore it out, as well as others they themselves made, their concern with flying was sidetracked several years by school and other interests.

But encouraged by their father and a mother whose clever hands "could mend anything," their inventive bent soon asserted itself. They devised gadgets for home use, then built a printing press, made a calculating machine that would multiply as well as add, and developed a simplified typewriter. Bicycles were zooming into popularity among belles and gentlemen of the gay '90s, so Wilbur and Orville opened a repair shop.

In 1895 came the spark that lighted the slow fuse of their enthusiasm for flying. Over in Germany, newspapers reported, one Otto Lilienthal was having great sport in a glider. The Wright brothers would go soaring too. They read everything on flying they could find in Dayton. From the Smithsonian Institution and other sources they got reports on efforts of man to fly, from Leonardo da Vinci down to Professor Langley and others still working and theorizing—the latter, chiefly, with the problem. He who thinks the Wrights were to fly because they luckily hit on a successful device is guided by a faulty assumption rather than by facts. They stood on the shoulders of all who had worked on the problem before them.

Old Leonardo had dreamed of flapping wings, like those of a bird, to carry man aloft. But it was soon obvious to Wilbur and Orville that not imitation of Nature, but a different principle, was needed. A sheet of paper sliding from a table doesn't drop directly

to the floor; if shoved, it sweeps through the air at some distance, and if caught in a draft, it may float about some distance before alighting. This was the principle used in Lilienthal's glider. *A successful glider plus power would equal a flying machine!*

So in time they could spare from their thriving bicycle business, the Wright brothers poured their enthusiasm into gliders. They studied mathematical tables of air resistance. They built gliding models galore. Later they developed a wind tunnel, keeping meticulous figures on behavior of various planes in air currents. To try out their gliders they went to the sand-dune country at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, where terrain was suitable and wind velocities, judging from Weather Bureau reports, would be favorable. Orville Wright's records show that more than 1,000 glider flights, several for more than 600 feet, were made there in 1902.

Now, to put power into the glider. No manufacturer of gasoline engines was interested in sup-

plying what they needed, so they made it themselves—a not-too-smoothly operating four-cylindered device which weighed 170 pounds and delivered 12 horsepower. Ship propellers gave them their cue for a propulsive device, but many a futile experiment preceded installation of two on the machine they proposed to fly.

Who should take it up first?



Wilbur Wright, a co-inventor of the airplane. Typhoid fever cut short his career in 1912, when he was 45.

Both were eager to do it so they flipped a coin. Wilbur won, but his trial was a failure. Two days later repairs had been made and it was Orville's turn.

The date was December 17, 1903. Water from recent rains stood in ice-skimmed puddles. A chilling 27-mile wind was blowing, but the plane's nose was thrust into it. When the motor was warmed, Orville took his place—lying flat on the lower wing. He slipped the restraining wire and the plane skidded down a monorail track with Wilbur trotting at its side.

"Here's a picture of it." Mr. Wright pointed to it on the wall. "We had set the camera on a tripod and pointed it toward where we hoped to go. John Daniels, a lifesaving guardsman, took it."

It was a rare experience to hear a firsthand account of man's first flight in a power-driven, heavier-than-air machine. It was a privilege to hold—and later to possess—a print made from the original 5x7 glass negative. There is Orville, prone, holding the rudder cords. Wilbur has just let go the wing he was steadying.

"What a moment—when your plane left the ground!" I exclaimed.

Mr. Wright's response was sim-

ple, and perhaps reveals, more than any other words during the two hours we talked, the sort of man he is.

"Of course—but we expected it to."

My memory flashed back to 1927 to Lindbergh and Paris. "Lucky Lindy" we had headlined him over there in the *Herald*. But he had demurred. Hadn't he the best plane he could get? Hadn't he taken every precaution? Hadn't he flown the Atlantic, therefore, as naturally as two plus two equals four!

"Were you scared?" I asked Mr. Wright.

"Scared?" He smiled. "There wasn't time."

"Thrilled? You must have been—up there above the ground, supported by wings, the first man ever to fly!"

"Well," allowed Mr. Wright, his eyes atwinkle, "I remember that at times—say, lying in bed before the event—I used to be thrilled to think of it as a possibility. But when I was actually in the air that day, I had my hands full!"

Having fun!

We didn't talk about the long years that intervened before an incredulous American press and public would believe the story told by the picture on the wall. That strange commentary on human nature has been reported in Fred C. Kelly's admirable biography *The Wright Brothers*. It is corroborated by several framed photographs, hanging in Mr. Wright's office, of half-remembered figures



Paul Harris, circa 1912. The Wrights and he dreamed young men's dreams in the '00s—they of an airplane, he of a club that has likewise changed ways of living for many men: Rotary.

once prominent in French and English aviation. Half covering the large golden-oak table is an extraordinary 3-foot bronze figure with batlike wings spread in flight. Seemingly trying to hold it to earth are tiny mortals.

"It's the Michelin Prize," Mr. Wright explained. "Wilbur got it in 1908 for the longest flight of the year, at Auvours, France. It was expected that Henri Farman, a Frenchman, would win it. Everyone thought Wilbur wouldn't enter the competition because our plane was being launched by pylons, with weights. But Wilbur put on wheels—and he stayed up two hours and 20 minutes."

That *was* a record in 1908—and there was an accent of pride, a nostalgic hint of high adventure in Mr. Wright's voice as he told of his brother's achievement.

A small ivory trowel, lying beside the Michelin Award, elicited another reminiscence. It was used in laying the first stone of the Wright memorial at Pau, France, in 1932, recalling the eventful months there in 1908 when Wilbur Wright demonstrated his plane to thousands of sight-seers. King Alphonso, of Spain, came with his formal entourage, but was like a boy in his enthusiasm. He wanted to fly! His Queen and his cabinet forbade it, so he clambered aboard the machine and listened as long as Wilbur would explain its structure and operation.

In those days of personal journalism, Pau was on the "black list" of the New York *Herald* and its little brother, the *Paris Herald*, both owned by James Gordon Bennett. Because one of his guests at a tallyho party there years before had received attention from the police, he had issued orders that Pau was to be boycotted for news.

"But Mr. Bennett was so interested in our flying," Mr. Wright recalled with a puckish grin, "that he had to let his *Heralds* publish the news from Pau—and so Pau was put back on the map!"


While in France, Wilbur unwittingly was the cause of the "new look" of 1908. He had taken Mrs. Hart O. Berg for a flight—the first made by a woman—and when she landed she walked with difficulty because her husband had tied rope around her skirt to keep it from blowing. [Continued on page 50]

# That Message to Garcia

IT WAS DELIVERED JUST 50 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH.

By Kenneth Dirlam

Rotarian, Mansfield, Ohio



ONE NIGHT 50 years ago this month an American soldier named Andrew S. Rowan stole into Cuba. His country had that day gone to war with Spain—over Cuban independence. Lieutenant Rowan was to find, somewhere in the interior, a certain Cuban patriot leader whom the U. S. War Department was anxious to contact.

For six days Rowan fought heat, jungle, and insects—and almost lost his life to a Spaniard with a dagger who, in turn, lost his head to a Cuban with a machete. At length he found his man—Insurrectionist-General Calixto Garcia y Iñiguez. Saying what he had been sent to say and learning what he had been sent to learn, the lieutenant then escaped from Cuba in a leaky fishing boat with gunnysack sails and beelined for home. He had delivered the message to Garcia. The original one!

Few people remember that episode of the Spanish-American War. Yet it gave us a phrase that is almost as much a part of modern speech as "met his Waterloo" or "crossed the Rubicon."

The balding businessman of 1948 who, 40 years ago, played at carrying the message to "Garsha"\* across the school yard has largely forgotten who Rowan and Garcia were. Still, he and even his children know that "carrying the message to Garcia" means doing the job you are assigned to do. Doing it with dispatch! Doing it completely! Following through! In Russia, in Japan, and in a dozen countries besides the United States and Cuba there are men who will say: "The message to Garcia? Yes, I read the story once. The details escape me. The meaning I remember well."

To Elbert Hubbard goes the

credit for immortalizing this true tale. It was he—this colorful pamphleteer of East Aurora, New York—who plucked the story from its descent to obscurity and started it on its way around the world. It happened this way:

Hubbard and his young son, Bert, were at supper one night in February, 1899. The Spanish-American War, the fighting part of it anyway, had ended some months before and they were discussing some of its battles, personalities, and consequences.

"The real hero of the Cuban War," said young Bert, piping up, "was that fellow Rowan. He'd gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia."

What you need to know at this point is that Elbert Hubbard was the editor of a little magazine called *The Philistine*, "a Periodical of Protest" aimed at the "chosen people" in the field of literature—writers, critics, editors. His March issue was to go to press the next day—but one hole in its pages stood open.

Hubbard knew the Rowan-Garcia story. He had read it in the papers, in *McClure's Magazine*, in *Leslie's Weekly*—but when son Bert brought it up afresh. . . .

"It came to me like a flash!" wrote Hubbard in later years. "Yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does his work—who carries the message to Garcia." He'd fill that yawning hole in the March *Philistine* with a little sermon to that point. Getting up from the table and going to his desk, he dashed off some 1,500 words on the subject in one hour. "The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a trying day, when I had been endeavoring to train some rather delin-



Elbert Hubbard—the American pamphleteer who immortalized the Garcia story in a famous essay. He is shown aboard the *Lusitania* shortly before he went down with it in 1915.

\*In Cuban Spanish the pronunciation is Gar-SEE-ah.



quent villagers to abjure the comatose state and get radioactive."

Even so Editor Hubbard looked upon the effort as filler stuff. He did not even dignify it with a heading. Well, *The Philistine* "went to bed," as the printers say, and thence into the mails.

In a day or two orders began to come in for extra copies—a dozen, 50, 100. When a news company ordered 1,000, Hubbard asked one of his helpers what had stirred up



General Garcia—from a plaque Cubans unveiled in Bayamo in 1942.

the cosmic dust. "It's that stuff about Garcia," he replied.

Across the Empire State in New York City a regular reader sat cutting the leaves of that March, 1899, *Philistine*. This man was George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central lines, and coming upon the Rowan story he read it aloud to his secretary. "That's the finest thing of its kind I have ever read," he exclaimed.

Wanting copies for NYC personnel and friends, he wired Hubbard for 1,000, then for second, third, and fourth thousands. At length, with people in every State begging him for copies, he telegraphed: "GIVE PRICE ON 100,000 ROWAN ARTICLE IN PAMPHLET FORM EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS ADVERTISE-  
MENT ON BACK—ALSO HOW SOON CAN SHIP." Hubbard answered that with present equipment (three small foot-power presses) it would take him *two years* to fill the order. However, he gave Daniels permission to reprint in his own way.

To make a long story short, Daniels put the *Message* up in pamphlet form and promised on the title page "to print it in editions of 100,000 until the demand is satisfied, if it takes the entire 20th Century to accomplish it."

In a matter of months he distributed 2 million copies. A Russian prince who was director of Russia's railways was visiting the United States. Reading the *Message*, he ordered it translated into Russian and distributed to all Russian railroad employees.

Six years later Japanese soldiers found copies on the persons of so many Russian prisoners that they concluded it must be good. By order of the Mikado, a Japanese translation was handed every employee of the Empire, soldier or civilian. Before the blizzard of reprints had ceased—actually it never ceased, but only abated—the *Message to Garcia* had been printed more times than any other piece of literature save two: *In His Steps*\* and the *Bible*.

"Who is this man Elbert Hubbard?" people began asking. "What's he like?" To find out, they began arriving in East Aurora—and not just singly, but in dozens . . . in trainloads. In this, George Daniels helped again, running one excursion train after another. Arriving at the station, visitors were met by a reception committee and escorted to Hubbard's shop several blocks distant.

Long before this I should have explained that Hubbard called his printing establishment the Roycroft Shop and his associates Roycrofters—a name meaning "King's Craftsmen," which he had borrowed from England. He and two friends had set up the shop in 1895 to publish fine handmade books and *The Philistine*. Two years later Hubbard bought out his friends and, making headway with his little enterprise, moved into new quarters—a building 26 by 60 "built solidly and well, like a Roycroft book" and looking for all the world like a small-town frame church. That, then, was what the

\*A novel by the late Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, a member of the Rotary Club of Topeka, Kansas, and contributor to THE ROTARIAN. Published in 1899 without copyright, the novel is estimated to have sold 23 million copies, and no doubt stands second to the *Bible* as the world's all-time best-selling book. *A Message to Garcia* has far outstripped *In His Steps* in distribution, but its pamphlet nature must be reckoned in the comparison.

pilgrims would see as they rounded the corner of Grove Street.

As they came closer, the author of the *Message* might be inside at his desk or, more likely, at the back of the shop chopping wood, his favorite exercise. There was no mistaking him, with his dark blue soft-collar shirt, black Windsor tie, corduroy trousers, and long flowing hair. To round out this costume he wore a large, broad-brimmed cowboy hat and stout brown shoes.

After a tour of the shop, where the girls illuminating books by hand attracted the most attention, the visitors registered, then left for home with an armful of Roycroft literature and at least one copy of *A Message to Garcia*. Many of them also carried off a chip from Elbert Hubbard's woodpile—as a "souvenir."

One addition to the little shop was soon necessary, then another, and still another. Deciding to put up an entire building of field stones, Hubbard advertised in the village paper, offering a dollar a load for boulders. Next morning the stones began to arrive. The second morning wagons could be seen coming from every direction. By the time the farmers stopped hauling, there were boulders enough for *three* buildings. They were soon to be needed.

For Fra Elbertus, as Hubbard



Lieutenant Rowan, who carried the message—from same Cuban plaque.

dubbed himself, went on inviting his readers to visit. "All good Philistines journeying thitherward," he wrote, "will be kindly greeted, and are welcome to seats at the

# A Message to Garcia

Being a Preachment—By ELBERT HUBBARD



IN ALL this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan," took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memo for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the law of average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine

out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"



ONIGHT this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it; nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

## FRA ELBERTUS



in His  
Stride

¶ God will not look you over for medals, degrees, or diplomas, but for scars.

¶ People who never do any more than they get paid for never get paid for any more than they do.

¶ I believe in coöperation, even with people I do not like, if it will bring us any nearer the Ideal.

¶ Men are only great as they are kind.

¶ An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

¶ A successful man is one who has tried not cried; who has worked not dodged; who has shouldered responsibility not evaded it; who has gotten under the burden, not merely stood off looking on, giving advice, and philosophizing on the situation.

¶ We believe that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

¶ The world can be redeemed only through business; for business means betterment, and no business can now succeed that does not add to human happiness.

¶ The great man is great, account of certain positive qualities that he possesses . . . not through the absence of faults.

¶ The three jewels may be Faith, Hope, and Charity, but there are three others which I think just as important. They are Mutuality, Reciprocity, and Coöperation. We have passed out of the stage of competition into the era of coöperation and the Rotary Clubs symbolize this fact. The science of business is the science of human service.  
—From an address to the Rotary Club of Providence, Rhode Island, in 1913.

table and a place to sleep—of course without charge."

So many visitors took up the invitation that Hubbard was in danger of being eaten out of house and home. Accordingly he set up a "Phalanstry" or "house of friends." It had a dining room seating 100 people and 38 sleeping rooms each named after a great personage—Herbert Spencer, for instance. "The prices: meals, such as they are, say 25c; lodging, 50c."

Such a tariff was hardly calculated to keep visitors away. More than 28,000 visited the Roycroft "campus" in 1903, and a little business worth \$3,500 in 1897 had become a famous institution with assets of more than \$300,000.

What made it famous? What was its pull? It was this, I think: Here in an ordinary small American town a man had taught some 300 ordinary Americans, his Roycrofters, that out of ordinary materials they could create things of extraordinary beauty, that, truly, "Blessed is the man who loves his work." You saw the result in all the Roycroft Shops—in the print shop and bindery, in the copper shop and carpentry shop, in the candy shop and farm school. Everyone doing the job for the love of doing it—and so doing it well. If Hubbard had a model, it was England's famed William Morris whom he had met on a youthful tramp through England.

Elbert Hubbard held forth almost every Sunday night in the Roycroft chapel . . . brought the greatest of speakers and musicians to his guests . . . and presided over an annual Roycroft convention.

But he was a writer, first and last, and in a quarter century turned out hundreds of thousands of inspiring little messages which, done up in book form, run to 28 volumes of 500 pages each. Remember his *Little Journeys to the Great*? He turned out one a month every year for 14 years. Remember his essay *The American Business Philosophy*?

The Sage of East Aurora was on his way to see and write some more when he died in 1915. With his wife, Alice, he was en route to Europe to report on World War I. They were aboard the *Lusitania* when it was torpedoed and sunk off Ireland.

Elbert Hubbard and early Rotary were contemporaries. Both were born in Illinois. Both were working toward a similar goal. And their paths crossed often. Some of my fellow Rotarians will recall how this latter-day Benjamin Franklin spoke at their Clubs. Others will remember visits their Clubs made to his Roycrofterie. Here and there a veteran reader of this magazine will recall stories by and about him in these pages. Fra Elbertus understood well what the founders of Rotary were trying to do.

Meanwhile the *Message to Garcia* which had whisked him to fame goes on and on. And the man who today answers the many requests for pamphlets and reprint rights is Elbert Hubbard II. He's the boy Bert of 1899 and for many years was a member of the Rotary Club of Buffalo. Today he presides over the House of Hubbard, in East Aurora, the residuary of the old Roycroft Corporation, and wonderful are the stories he can tell of the *Message*.

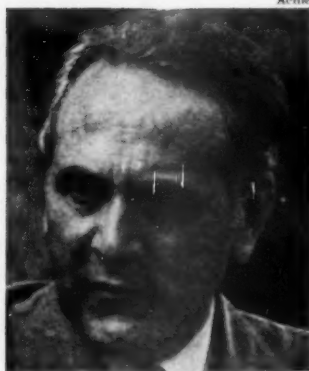
How many times it has actually been reprinted, no one knows, but Bert Hubbard guesses 100 million. He goes on to tell you how it is standard shorthand instruction in business colleges, how both the U. S. Army and the Navy have used it widely, and how a San Francisco judge once fined a man \$25, but suspended sentence on condition that he read *A Message to Garcia*.

And what of Lieutenant Rowan? "There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze," said Elbert Hubbard in the *Message*. Rowan's own country never took the hint, but Cuba in 1943 unveiled a bronze bust of him in one of Havana's beautiful parks. The year before, the Cuban Society for the Commemoration of Historic Deeds was instrumental in placing a handsome bronze commemorative plaque on the wall of the house at Bayamo which served as General Garcia's headquarters. The United States had, however, awarded Rowan the Distinguished Service Cross in 1922. When he died at 85 five years ago in a San Francisco Army hospital, he knew that millions felt in debt to the brave man who had carried the *Message to Garcia*.





Eurico Gaspar Dutra



Oswaldo Aranha



Lewis R. Macgregor



William D. Pawley

## Rio Preview

MEETING UNDER TROPICAL SKIES, ROTARY'S WORLD CONVENTION

WILL BE THE APEX OF A GREAT YEAR.

By Luther H. Hodges

Chairman, 1948 Convention Committee

IS ROTARY'S first "south of the equator" Convention on your schedule? If it is, congratulations are in order, Mr. Rotarian! For when Rotary opens its 39th Annual Convention in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on May 16, you will be sharing in a stirring and unforgettable experience.

This will not, of course, be the first time Rotary has journeyed into Ibero-America for its annual meeting. There was the Mexico City reunion in 1935, and in 1940 the Convention was held in Havana, Cuba. But never before has our organization swung below the equator and down into the Tropic of Capricorn for its Convention.

Rio, I suspect, will be a new experience for the majority of the Convention-goers. Rio is a study in contrasts—striking differences that make it exciting. Four centuries ago an explorer was moved to exclaim, "Everything here is of a beauty which can hardly be described." So will you be moved in May.

Portuguese, not Spanish, is Brazil's—and therefore Rio's—language. The explanation is that Brazil originally was a colony of Portugal. Later it became an empire and then, on

November 15, 1889, it became a republic.

But let's say you speak neither Portuguese nor Spanish. Does that mean you must resort to sign language to make yourself understood? Not at all. For one thing, the Cariocas (that's what the Rio-ites call themselves) are eager to help you. Furthermore, a good many Brazilians have mastered English.

How about the Convention speeches? Well, we're handling it this way: When a major address is delivered in Portuguese, printed copies in English will be distributed. And when one of the *Norte-americanos* speaks in English, then Portuguese- or Spanish-speaking Rotarians can follow him by studying their copies of his speech printed in their *idiomas*. We hope to have the briefer talks followed by a translation over the loud-speaker system.

Now for the program itself. One notable speaker will be Brazil's own President, Eurico Gaspar Dutra. With him will be the Prefect of Rio, General de Divisão Angelo Mendes de Moraes. They will be escorted to the stage of Rio's Fluminense Football Club with the protocol attendant to the arrival of dignitaries. S. Kendrick Guernsey, of Jacksonville, Florida, Rotary's President, will re-

spond to President Dutra's address.

In addition to the addresses, magnificent musical entertainment will be presented.

Addresses of welcome by prominent Brazilians will feature the first plenary session of the Convention on Monday morning, May 17. At this session President Guernsey will give the key address of the Convention and outline its program. In the afternoon will be delegate meetings and in the evening we hope to have a *Festa Regatta*—or water carnival—on the water front which will provide a spectacular show with fireworks and boat races. Rio, you know, is Brazil's second-largest port, so this marine spectacle is right in line. It is to be staged by the Prefect of Rio.

Then on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings, not too early to catch you still asleep, but in plenty of time for a full program, two sections in the town-meeting pattern will be held—one in the Spanish and Portuguese languages, the other in English. Topic at one session will be "What Further Can Rotary Do in Promoting World Peace?" while phases of Vocational Service will be explored the other morning.

Our craft assemblies will be different this year. Rio Rotarians



## Favorite Stories of Your Directors

with Sketches by Derso

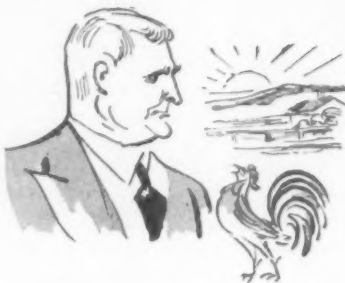
### Tom Benson

ONE of the few bright things about food rationing in "austere" England is the adequate supply of milk for children. Credit in part goes to large dairies like the one headed by Second Vice-President Tom. He is chairman and managing director of the Southern Countries Dairies Company.

Tom is a member of the national committees of the dairy industry in Great Britain and during the war years 1939-45 served on several Government advisory committees assisting the Ministries of Food, Fuel, and Agriculture. He serves on the East Sussex County Council and the Hove Borough Council in addition to several hospital committees and other public bodies.

A charter member of the Rotary Club of Heanor, Derbyshire, he is now a member and Past President of the Littlehampton Rotary Club. He has served RIBI as President, Vice-President, and Director, and is a Past District Representative.

Vice-President Tom is a member of the Rotary Foundation Fellowships Committee, the Nominating Committee for President in 1948-49, and is an ex-officio member of the European Consulting Group.



One of his favorite stories deals with molasses, not milk, and the U.S.A., not England. Here it is:

Plantations of the ante-bellum South in the United States bought supplies in large quantities. Molasses, for example, was purchased in barrel lots. At one plantation, a little lad of about 6 formed the habit of slipping down to the basement. Hurrying to the barrel, he would dip his fingers into the molasses and then contentedly lick them clean.

Came the day when he tumbled into the barrel. Coming to the surface, rubbing the molasses out of his eyes, and licking it off his fingers, he raised his eyes, saying: "Oh, Lord, make my tongue equal to my opportunity!"

### D. D. Monroe

"POMES" to amuse and amaze his friends are often indited by Rotary's Director D. D. Monroe. And although he writes them in his abstract office in Clayton, N. Mex., that doesn't make them abstract verse—not necessarily, he says.

"D. D.," whose "5 feet 16 inches" (as he states it) make him tower above most Rotarians, has a natural gift for versifying. Every now and then he regales and inspires fellow Board members with his poetry. He has travelled more than 150,000 miles in Rotary service and has addressed more than 400 Rotary Clubs.

A member of the Clayton Rotary Club since 1927, he is Past President of his Club. Director "D. D." is a member of two RI Committees: Nominating Committee for President in 1948-49 and the Districting Committee. He is a Past District Governor.

"D. D." has been school budget commissioner for Union County, N. Mex., since 1924, and is Conciliation Commissioner for the United States District Court. He is a director of several civic associations, and he has received a Presidential citation for services to the County Selective Service Board.



He often uses one of his favorite stories to inspire Rotarians into working harder to make their Club programs succeed. The story concerns the city council in a little Irish town. Some years ago it passed a resolution which read as follows:

"Resolved, that we determine to build, in this town, a new jail;

"Resolved, that we build the new jail out of the materials in the old one; and

"Be it further resolved, that we continue to use the old one until the new one is finished."

"D. D." says the story is useful for combating the occasional cases of inertia and apathy he has detected while visiting different Clubs.

expect to arrange small-group gatherings of men of similar vocation and take them on tours to centers of special interest to them. These meetings will be partly business, partly social—a good way to get to know the real Rio and its Cariocas.

Tuesday afternoon, May 18, is set aside for a meeting of Club Presidents and Secretaries. Then comes Tuesday night—and the annual President's Reception and Ball at the Fluminense Football Club. This year, however, it is to be preceded by one of two events. If it rains, Convention-goers will embark on an "armchair tour" of Brazil—in other words, moving pictures. But if the weather is clear, a colorful pageant of Brazilian culture, the *Festa Brasileira*, will be staged.

Wednesday afternoon is open. In company with your newly acquired Brazilian friends, you will have a chance to see many of the attractions of Rio. In the evening it's either the *Festa Brasileira* or the "armchair tour," depending upon Jupiter Pluvius.

The final plenary session will be held Thursday, May 20. Rotary's Past President Armando de Arruda Pereira, of São Paulo, Brazil, will report to the Convention. He will outline in Portuguese high lights of the English-speaking sessions. Then Past President Fernando Carbajal, of Lima, Peru, will tell English-speaking Rotarians what transpired at the Spanish and Portuguese meetings.

Other speakers? There'll be Oswaldo Aranha, Brazil's famous permanent representative to the United Nations and President of the U. N. General Assembly's regular session last year. Other personages addressing us will be Lewis R. Macgregor and William D. Pawley, the Australian Minister and United States Ambassador, respectively, to Brazil. Brief addresses by Rotary's incoming and outgoing Presidents will be given.

This is only a partial report of what's in store at this southmost Rotary gathering next month. And when *Auld Lang Syne* is sung to conclude the 39th Annual Convention, we shall have enjoyed a reunion which will, I am sure, hold a proud place in our long series.

# Be a Byron When You Travel

SEEK OUT THE BEST IN THE LAND YOU ARE VISITING.

By W. A. Osborne

Rotarian, Melbourne, Australia

WHEN I recommend, "Be a Byron when you travel," I do not suggest that he who leaves his home and travels in alien lands should endeavor to put his impressions in verse. That would be a terrible infliction. What I mean is that each person travelling abroad should adopt Byron's attitude toward every foreign territory visited. He left the grumbling about smells and the absence of British beer and beef to his valet. His own attention was riveted on that which was interesting or beautiful or romantic and instructive.

One reason why Byron is so beloved on the European Continent is that he forgot his own prejudices while travelling and gave praise where he thought it was due.

Fear of strangers or xenophobia is one of the earliest emotions displayed by a baby. Even a new headress on its mother may set the little thing to screaming. This phobia we share with the lower animals. The lower the standard of education in a community, the stronger this prejudice. London *Punch* once gave an instance of the less refined aspects of this emotion:

"Oo's that, Bill?"

"Stranger."

"'Eave arf a brick at 'im!"

But even among the most civilized folk of today, xenophobia is present. No matter how well educated, most men when absent from home permit themselves to be profoundly impressed by any condition which is not up to home standards. At the same time, they take for granted any usage or device superior to that of their native land. Should something they like at home be actually missing, its absence dominates their ap-

praisal of a foreign country's merits.

The Australian visiting in Canada misses his abundant citrus fruit and flowers and finds central heating uncomfortable. Conversely, a Canadian in Australia yearns for his abundant lakes and rivers, the splendor of Autumnal foliage, and the joys of Winter sports. Of course, he regards the Australian home in Winter as depressingly cold.

Not for a moment, however, do I suggest that a visitor to a foreign country permit one jot of love for his own homeland to abate. Patriotism is a noble emotion and every true Rotarian feels it and makes no apologies for it. There are few more obnoxious creatures than the man who wishes to make a good impression on a foreigner by knocking his own country.

So when the Rotarian goes abroad, let him seek out, as Byron did, what the strange land has to offer in the way of beauty and instruction. "Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a-pleasuring," he remarked when fellow travellers began to whine at minor drawbacks. He himself found beauty and romance in each land and fortunately was able to put his discoveries into deathless verse.

We must not forget that the inhabitant of every land has a



George Gordon Byron, English poet (1788-1824).

patriotism just as active as our own. So in his wanderings the Rotarian should adopt the belief that there is no country from which he cannot learn something worth while. To do this it will be necessary to discipline himself into minimizing the petty divergences from his own standards he encounters in his trips. Quoting from Goldsmith:

*And yet perhaps, if countries we compare*

*And estimate the blessings which they share,*

*Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find*

*An equal portion dealt to all mankind;*

*A different good, by art or Nature given,*

*To different nations make their blessing even.*

The traveller who seeks out the good things in the land he is visiting—appreciating them, reacting to them, and praising them—will give its citizens an exalted impression of his own country. He will make friends. Moreover, he will demonstrate to all that he is a true Rotarian and will do himself much spiritual good.





**I**T OFTEN happens these warm Spring days that the professional and business leaders you want to see in Bedford, Pennsylvania, are "out." Out fishing? No! Down with an aggravated case of Spring fever? Guess again. Then where? The answer, in a ringing chorus from their secretaries: "Down on the farm!"

And, sure enough, that's where you'll find them. Not supervising the work, but doing it themselves. Operating tractors, harrowing seed beds, filling grain drills, and debating which varieties of wheat



Rotarian Johnston says, "Plenty of work will make this field produce."

## Down on the Farm

A PENNSYLVANIA CLUB TURNS

TO THE SOIL TO RAISE FUNDS.

and hybrid corn to plant. They'll have dirt on their brogans, blisters on their hands, and terrific appetites. And, best of all, they'll have a unique Rotary project rolling along in high speed. For they are Rotarian "hands" working on Rotary-managed "farms."

"Farms?" you ask. "Since when did a Rotary Club branch out into farming?"

For an answer, we'll refer you to the man behind the story of how the Rotary Club of Bedford became a part-time farmer. His name is William Johnston, Jr. He classifies himself as an engineer, businessman, and farm operator.

Last July, as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he outlined a new way of raising money for Club projects. Bedford, he pointed out, is in the heart of a good farming section. But because of the labor shortage, many farmers were allowing some of their acreage to go uncultivated.

"Why not," he asked fellow Committee members, "secure permission from farmers to raise grain crops on their fallow land?

In the Fall we can sell the crops at top prices and use the proceeds for our projects?"

It was an unusual proposal—but one with great possibilities. First the Committee and then the entire Club voted its wholehearted approval and pledged full support. Then they put Rotarian Johnston in charge.

That was last July. By Fall, several hundred acres of idle land had been located. And when harvest time rolls around, the Club hopes to harvest 300 acres of wheat, corn, and oats. Scattered all over the Bedford trade area, the pieces of farm land will be worked without cost by Rotarians. Farmer friends have agreed to lend their equipment whenever needed. In addition, many will give proceeds from an acre of their own crops to the Club.

These Rotarians will be reaping a harvest not only of grain and funds for community services, but also of better understanding between farm and city.





*Waist-high weeds and grass of idle fields make good humus when plowed under. These farmers assist in preparing fields for crops.*



*Using tractors (above), these Rotarians-turned-farmers do a good job of preparing a rough field for planting. . . . Here (below) they disinfect wheat to ward off plant diseases.*



*Rescued from encroaching weeds and brush, this field (above) showed a shortage of phosphate, a plant food. To offset this, fertilizer will be spread from distributor shown at bottom.*



*Photos: Rotarians C. R. Hocker and R. O. Smeat*



*Before you harvest a wheat crop, you first must plant it. And for that purpose, most U. S. growers employ an implement called a drill. Rotarians Garner, Sammel, Jordan, and Hilburn fill this one.*

*Their drill loaded with seed of a high-yielding variety of wheat, the quartette heads toward a field with Rotarian Sammel at the tractor controls. They hope to harvest about 45 bushels an acre this year.*





# Is Life Worth the Trouble?

'YES, ALWAYS!' SAYS THE AUTHOR. IF IT WAS FOR PADEREWSKI AND HUGO, IT SHOULD BE FOR US.

By William F. McDermott

LIFE always worth living? Unqualifiedly, yes. Struggle may be involved. That's the price of progress. Suffering may come. It disciplines. Defeat is experienced. It's the prologue to victory. All are wrapped up together in the package of existence.

A famous physician tells of a baby girl born crippled. He was tempted to let her die at birth. She grew up to be a great musician.

Among my acquaintances is a white-haired old man of 77, a minister and social worker in the slums of Chicago, who was critically injured and whose wife was killed in a terrible auto accident. Friends thought it would be a mercy if he might pass away. He lay in agony on a hospital bed for seven months. Yet he returned to his work, to do more good than ever.

It is no idle saying that it's darkest just before the dawn. In a study of typical cases among the quarter million brooding individuals contemplating suicide who have sought its aid, the Salvation Army discovered 80 percent had later adjusted and were happy. Only one of the 25,000 who have consulted the Save-A-Life League is known to have taken "the one way out."

I know an individual, worth millions today, who one dark night in 1932 stood on the George Washington Bridge, ready to throw himself into the Hudson River. Only the haunting memory of the pleading of his wife as he left her in their apartment, "Don't kill yourself. Life is worth living. Make just one more try!" kept him from destroying himself. He lived to find out that she was right.

Immortal gifts have come to man as the result of persistent faith in the worth of life even in

the face of adversity. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., suffered intensely from a physical ailment in his 60's. Yet after that he created the greatest philanthropic foundation in the history of the world and lived to be 97.

The story of Paderewski, for nearly a half century the most famous pianist in the world, is almost incredible. "You have no future with the piano. It is useless for you to try," he was told at the Warsaw conservatory where he went as a youth to study. Several professors discouraged him from a career as a virtuoso, urging him to try composition. They said his hands were not formed right!

Undaunted, he struggled on. He went to the great Leschetizky, who informed him, "You might have been a great pianist if you had started early enough. It is too late now!"

In his thousands of concerts, Paderewski played at times when pain tortured him. He saw the keyboard red with blood from his injured hand. He endured hostile, hissing audiences. His fight to gain skill and to win recognition is an epic in itself. Eventually the world came to sit at his feet, in appreciation of a man who found and could show other men that life is everlastingly worth while.

More than the middle-aged and the old-aged, youth needs most, I think, the conviction that the game is worth the candle, that life under every circumstance is worth the effort. Maturing at a time when terrible dreads and frustrations confront us all, they face a more troubled and a more difficult future than we of more settled periods ever did. Every generation has lived under the

threat of war, but this one we are raising is the first to live under the threat of a war that could turn civilized man into a mole overnight—if not vaporize him out of existence.

As the father of youngsters employed, in college, in high school, I figure it is a part of my job to help them acquire an undistorted perspective. I try to get over to them that:

There is order in the universe and a design for being. That makes life everlastingly worth every effort, because each one is part and parcel of that order and design. One sees a purpose in all and knows there is a destiny for himself.

The hardships people endure to advance are not merely the product of the blind physical instinct of self-preservation. There is a spiritual quality to their struggle, the faith that life is an unfolding, enriching experience, with a final culmination that is eternal.

Therefore have faith. Work hard. Be patient. Seek the truth at all hazards, and do not be afraid of it. Be objective, not selfish in living. Remember the Golden Rule is the only rule of real success. Seek nobility of mind and soul. Love beauty. Believe in the essential goodness of humanity and work to improve it. As you grow older in body, grow younger in mind.

That was the secret of such men as Victor Hugo, who in his 80th year wrote the fresh and lovely verses of the *Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*. Acclaimed by 600,000 of his fellow citizens on his 80th birthday, he said exultantly, "I have only begun to live!"

Life is always worth the living—even in an age of atom bombs—if we seek to understand and to serve.





Dr. Caso and aide in Tomb No. 7. The roof is typical. Ancient Americans had no true arch.

**I**N A lifetime devoted to rediscovery of Mexico's glorious past, never have I experienced the excitement that marked my good fortune just 16 years ago of participating in the discovery of Tomb No. 7 at Monte Alban [*moan-tay al-bahn'*] near Oaxaca [*wah-hock'-ah*] in the Southern part of my country.

The territory around Oaxaca had long been known as a fertile field for the archaeologist's spade when we started work there in 1931. Five miles out is Monte Alban, rising 1,200 feet above sea level. It was an ideal spot for the capital city of early tribesmen, and such it was. From its strategic defensive position it overlooked the fertile valley of Oaxaca through which flows the Atoyac [*a-toy-ac'*] River.

The early Zapotecs levelled the top of the mountain with their crude tools until not a trace of its original contours remains. On this surface is an intricate system of level courts enclosed by massive terraces and bordered by ruined pyramids and other structures. Even the sides of the mountain show signs of terraces and here we opened six tombs.

Juan Valenzuela, who was in charge of our 1932 "dig," found on top of one mound some necklaces,

# BURIED TREASURES *That Cortez Overlooked*

THE AUTHOR FOUND THEM—AND WROTE  
A NEW CHAPTER IN NEW WORLD HISTORY.

By Alfonso Caso

*Eminent Archaeologist, Minister  
of National Property, Mexico*

earrings of jade, and a shell horn doubtless used as a war trumpet. It was, in fact, a horn similar to ones used in the last century by fishermen and sailors of the New Orleans region. The Zapotecs, we surmised from earlier explorations, placed objects on tombs as votive offerings; but tombs previ-

ously opened had shown offerings of clay and stone. The rich finds on this particular tomb led us to believe it would be of singular importance, and so it proved to be, for it is the now famous No. 7.

It was January 9, 1932, that we went to work. Ditches were opened along walls that came into sight, and we started a shaft in the exact spot where we had found the offering. Within two hours our search began to uncover one of the stones of an angular dome characteristic of a Zapotecan tomb. When we removed this stone, flashlights revealed a cavernous tomb below us.

The first sight was not at all spectacular. There was a human skull of a rather strange shape, and a vessel made of black clay, highly polished. Neither discovery was especially noteworthy, for the Indians of the Oaxaca region were known to have practiced artificial disfiguration of the skull, and ceramics of burnished black clay are also typical.

The hole was so narrow I believed it impossible for me to go through, but Valenzuela, who was thinner than I, decided to attempt it. Within a moment I heard cries of "Come down! Come look!" Spurred by his enthusiasm I forgot what I had thought to be im-

possible; somehow I squeezed into the aperture and, after some squirming, dropped beside him.

The tomb was narrow, approximately 5 feet wide by 35 feet long, and partly filled with earth. It had two chambers, one with the angular dome, the other straight. But I didn't notice all these details of construction at that moment, for my eyes were dazzled by the incredible spectacle before me. Wherever our flashlights illuminated the floor, it shone with innumerable treasures!

There were beads, bells, chest ornaments, gold bracelets, and earrings. There were silver trays and objects of jade, of shell and mother-of-pearl, of jet, of obsidian, and of amber. Pearls literally formed a tapestry for certain parts of the tomb.

The shiny black vessel we had thought to be made of clay turned out to be a magnificent cup carved from a single piece of crystal. A human skull, made into a cup, had the entire face covered with turquoise mosaics. A large white urn in the center of the tomb, which at first seemed full of earth, became translucent when light fell on it, for it was wrought of alabaster. We saw magnificent rings of gold, of silver, and of copper, elaborately decorated with eagles and butterflies, and fan handles made of jade and gold. Jaguar bones, sculptured with hieroglyphic legends and likenesses of gods, men, and animals, appeared sometimes separately and sometimes in groups.

When finally we clambered to the surface, the afternoon was turning into night. Notwithstanding the approaching darkness, we decided to continue working, and

Golden throat ornament found by Dr. Caso. It depicts a Mixtec warrior, circa A.D. 1500.

wife, and I explored the interior of the tomb. We discovered, catalogued, and sketched thousands of objects. Sometimes we lost all sense of time, so fascinating was our task, and more than once night overtook us before we could make up our minds to leave.

All the objects found have religious symbols. Largely because of that and because the only weapon was an ax of copper, I have concluded that the nine skeletons in the tomb are not those of Mixtec warriors, but of a dynasty of priests and chieftains. Perhaps the sarcophagus was originally constructed by the Zapotecs many years before and may have been used by them also. But the contents we discovered can be

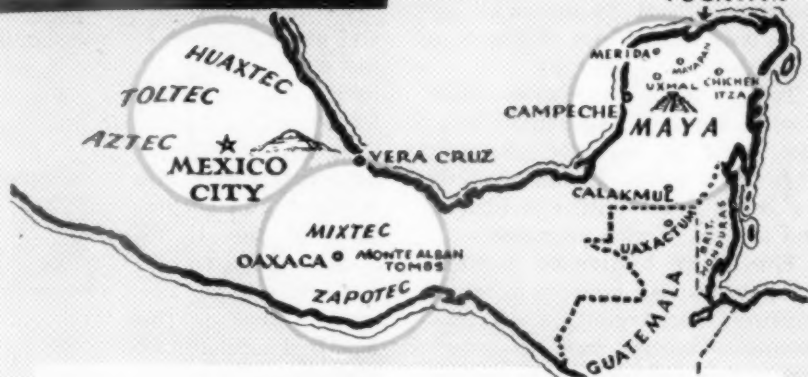
safely ascribed to the Mixtecs of the 15th Century, for articles of the same style as those we exhumed were still in use when the Spanish conquerors arrived in 1519.

The value of the objects found in Tomb No. 7 at Monte Alban, judged alone by the intrinsic worth of the precious material, is great. But far more important is the testimony they bear to the remarkable skills of the Mixtecs.

So extraordinary is the technique and so marvellous the workmanship of the gold carvings, the alabaster and crystal vessels, and the engraving on jaguar bones that it is not enough to dismiss it as merely amazing, considering the tools available. We must say without exaggeration that it is unsurpassable.

Now, better than ever before, we can understand the astonishment of the Spanish when they discovered the treasure stored by Montezuma, leader of the Aztecs, in his great palace in Mexico City. These conquistadors were familiar with the marvellous art of the cathedrals of Spain and Italy and the jewels worn by potentates and princes of the Renaissance, but were unanimous in saying that the Indian goldsmiths made masterpieces comparable with and even superior to Europe's best.

The Monte Alban treasures you can now see in the museum at Oaxaca are proof that the assertions of the followers of Cortez were not exaggerated.



#### MEXICO'S 3 MAJOR ARCHEOLOGICAL CENTERS

**YUCATAN**—Here the Maya people flourished until A.D. 600 and again from 1000 to 1200. They cultivated corn, had a system of writing with a symbol for zero, built big cities.

**OAXACA**—Zapotecs arrived about A.D. 300, borrowing heavily from

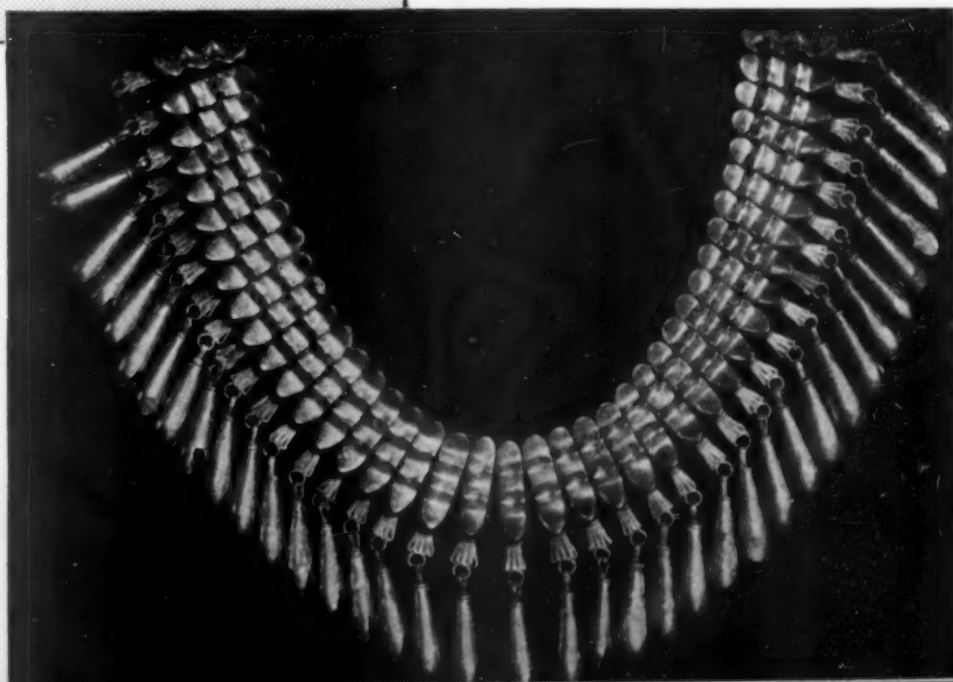
near-by civilizations. They were overrun by Mixtecs—whose art objects were found in Tomb No. 7.

**MEXICO CITY**—Founded by the Aztecs as Tenochtitlan about 1325. They conquered earlier tribes or pushed them on to the south.

with the aid of six men began to dig a shaft to find the door. We were successful and about 11 P.M. we were in the tomb once more. Now with more leisure we examined the treasures, making a short inventory of the objects lying on the surface. About 6 o'clock the next morning I hurried to Oaxaca with part of the treasure, which I deposited in a safe place. My assistants remained on guard until I could return to work at 9 o'clock.

For eight tense, dramatic days Valenzuela and Martin Bazan, my

*Modern goldsmiths in Mexico have tried but cannot rival such exquisite work as this.*





# Should Nations Protect Infant Industries?

## *They Must—to Live Modernly*

**Says Julio Descole**

*Argentine Manufacturer; Rotarian*

**T**HE RECENT war made great changes in the economic lives of all nations, even those which were not direct combatants.

Agricultural countries, for example, which had obtained their manufactured goods from other nations, found themselves cut off from these former sources. Thus, to maintain the standard of living they had achieved, they were forced to create new industries and reactivate old ones in order to supply these needs.

This was true, generally speaking, of the Latin-American nations. My own country, Argentina, without doubt went furthest in the step-up of its industrial organization, exceeding anything it had ever known.

This brought into being a new economy—a development one must seek to understand before he delivers any categorical view of the free-trade or protection issue.

Before the war there was a strong feeling in favor of free trade in Argentina, for it was understood that this yielded the highest standard of living, and also eliminated barriers to the

friendship of peoples. Before the war we were the ones who aspired to the creation of an international democracy which would preserve the peace by the work of all men.

Yet lack of understanding, special interests, and the intransigent position of belligerent peoples always worked against the realization of such a peace. Thus free trade and the creation of a customs policy based on it never got beyond a dream. It was in all nations only lumber out of which to build political platforms.

Today, with a war-changed world economy, Argentina's position must be logically analyzed under new lights. In this analysis we must draw new conclusions and amend former judgments.

The desire to live on a plane compatible with modern progress requires that Argentina, an agricultural country, look to industrialization—a process in which the nation has been engaged for about a decade. Today our national income from industry has reached 3¾ billion pesos—slightly more than agriculture and cattle combined.

This industrial achievement dates back to 1939, when Argentina began the production of consumer goods, especially such things as chemicals, fuel, glass, cellulose for paper, rayon, and cotton, and began to establish a heavy industry which promises within a relatively short time to supply everything needed.

Parallel to this progress, the additional jobs which were created brought prosperity to the masses, for new industry employed hundreds of thousands of workers and gave them a better scale of living.

We have seen the installation of seven new steel-rolling plants and the founding of an Argentine steel group which will ultimately produce 500,000 tons a year. We have seen the general growth of every

one of the various national industries (weaving, general manufacturing, etc.) covered by the great five-year plan of the present Government, which also includes public works and military installations without equal in our history. All this creates in our nation new problems which must be considered in the light of future developments. That is, the work already begun should not be interrupted or stopped, for that would mean financial ruin of the country.

One aspect of our present status is that capital has been raised to a platform where it is accorded fundamental concessions by the Government—to assure progress and general peace. In relation to the steps already indicated, this forces the position that we must fix our national policy in line with the well-considered proposals which Mr. William L. Clayton, then of the U. S. State Department, presented at Havana, Cuba, as the North American policy "for free trading."

The United States of America holds a place of extraordinary privilege in the economic and industrial fields. Its mass production "know-how" technique is far above that of the other American countries and of the rest of the world, and it is very difficult today to compete with North American qualities and prices.

Free trade would automatically place Argentina's industry—to cite it as only one example—in a situation where it could not compete with the Yankees, and all the effort put forth since 1939 until today would be ruined. The only means by which this can be avoided is a protective tariff.

From the point of view of the idealist, free trade would be and is the first step toward disarmament, but today the threat of war is prevalent, the great powers cannot get together, and suspicion and distrust bring about political and social struggles which spread the seed of general unrest. It would

### ABOUT ITO

**T**HESE initials stand for the International Trade Organization, a specialized agency of the U. N. Economic and Social Council now in advanced planning stage. To consider a draft charter for ITO, trade experts from more than 60 nations met in Havana, Cuba, through December, January, and February—in a United Nations Conference on Trade and Unemployment. Similar meetings in London, New York, and Geneva had preceded it.

How to protect young industry and also to keep world trade barriers low was the knottiest question confronting the Conference. It is the subject of this month's debate-of-the-month.—Eds.



## THE WORLD OF STEEL



be wild, therefore, to proceed with economic disarmament.

A well-known English economist holds that the success of the ideals of the Atlantic Charter depends as much upon the economists as upon the soldiers. This applies to the central thought of the argument—that is, that we cannot possibly solve economic problems when the noise of arms makes our spirits restless.

A common level of the scale of living of all the peoples of the world, the creation of equal social justice for all those who labor, the inward disarmament and evaluation of all social acts which now divide men, the effective reduction of armament, and the creation of courts and assemblies which will assure international peace must precede the establishment of free trade. For free trade cannot exist before political liberty, freedom of thought, and self-determination of all peoples are established.

It is because of this that I believe the efforts of those who would give international scope to economic organization are premature.

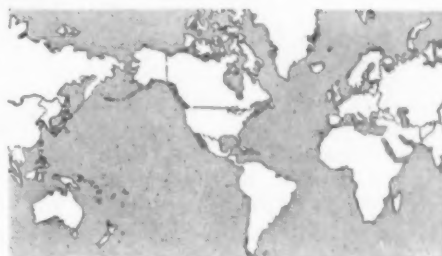
The door of our house will be left open only when there is confidence and no quarrelling among the neighbors, but today we have to double lock and shoot the bolt.

The duty of statesmen is to create a state of feeling which will pave the way for such ideals as free trade. It has not yet been achieved, and with selfishness we hinder others in the same way we refuse to accept progress for ourselves.

Argentina today chooses and defends protection for her industry and commerce because one cannot see in the international scene anything but clouds of mistrust.

## On Measuring the Size of Nations

The distorted map above shows the nations drawn according to their relative industrial strength. Steel output in 1939 was the yardstick. (Today Britain, Russia, and the U.S.A. would appear larger, Japan and Germany smaller.) Compare this map with the geographic map at right.



## Tariffs Divide—and Breed Conflict

Says Felipe Silva

Cuban Attorney; Rotarian

IT IS world trade that puts Brazilian coffee in the cup of the Canadian fur trapper. It is world trade that puts Ford and Austin motorcars on the streets of Baghdad. It is world trade that picks up all the wondrous products of man and Nature—be they bananas or bacon, diamonds or drill presses, derricks or delicate lace—and speeds them around the globe from hands that have too much of them to hands that have too little.

World trade is necessary to modern living. Everyone agrees with that. Where we disagree is over the question of how free that world trade can be.

"Let it be as free as the wind, with no barriers anywhere," says one school of thought:

"That is an ideal view—but completely impractical in this unideal world," answers the opposite school. "Every nation must retain its right to tax or bar foreign goods in order to protect its own industries and safeguard its own economy."

In between those two views are

many gradations of opinion. My own view is that we need *free-er* trade than we now have, that when the channels of international commerce are flowing full, living standards rise on every hand, and war, as a means of getting what you have not got, loses its appeal.

Under the whiplash of World War II many agricultural countries began to industrialize. Mexico began mass producing shoes and Argentina began turning out sheet steel and rails. Brazil, with its almost fantastic mountain of iron, began making steel and combustion engines. Australia, which had never produced an automobile, began turning out heavy military vehicles and even gunboats.\* Canada's small but varied industries mushroomed into tremendous growth which produced everything from woolen socks to four-engined bombers.†

So, many countries, particularly

\*See *Australia Grows Up!*, by Sir Robert Garran, *THE ROTARIAN*, April, 1941.

†See *Canada's 27 Crown Companies*, by Norman G. Foster, *THE ROTARIAN*, August, 1943.

those in Latin America, are saying today: "We have had a taste of industrialization, and now we mean to keep it. We shall make more and more of the things we need—and if we have to raise tariff walls to keep out foreign competition, we will do it." They are doing it.

That makes history! For many of these nations are, by tradition, exponents of free trade. And, on the other hand, the world's once great champion of high protective tariffs—the United States of America—now urges an increasingly free-er international commerce. A complete reversal of position in both instances!—the one being induced by war, the other set in motion in the early 1930s by Cordell Hull's much-discussed reciprocal trade agreements program.

SO today the question may be asked: "Who is right *now*?" We need not answer the question, for "What is right?" is the real issue. A nation is proceeding along sound economic lines, I hold, when it develops industries which are natural to it. You in the United States have an abundance of iron ore and coal in the Northeastern quarter of your land—so, quite naturally, you can have the great steel industries of Pittsburgh and Gary, and all the automobile, railroad, and other manufacturing industries that stem off from them. We in Cuba have an abundance of iron in Oriente Province—but no coal anywhere. Should we nevertheless try to start a steel industry? Should we make automobiles, subsidizing the producers and protecting them with tariffs on foreign cars? If we did, both the domestic and imported machines would be beyond the local consumer's reach.

No, we in Cuba find that while we don't have coal, we *do* have unbelievably fertile soil. We plant a field to cane. Every year thereafter for eight years and sometimes for 20 years we get a lush crop of cane which grows taller than you can reach—all from that one original planting! We make sugar from that cane, sell that sugar to the United States, and buy its motorcars; we sell that sugar to The Netherlands and buy its radio sets. Cattle thrive on our

juicy grasses—so we have a great dairy industry, sell butter and cheese in the world market, and buy back hardware, plumbing, and refrigerators. When a man in Akron, Ohio, buys a box of Havana cigars, he's helping a Cuban buy an Akron tire. Develop industries to which your country is suited; eschew those for which you lack materials. That is only commonsense, but it is surprising how often it is disregarded.

Spain has a small-scale sugar industry. It grows a little cane in its Southern region, a few beets in its Northern area. To protect this small industry, the State has placed a high duty on imported sugar. The result is that the common man of Spain rarely gets any sugar.

If any further instances were needed to make my point that nations should base their development on indigenous materials and trade freely, I would cite the classic example of the United States. That nation, as I view it, is not one nation but 48 separate nations in one. Each of those nations grows and manufactures what it can, ships its own produce to any and all of the 47 other nations with virtually no tax or hindrance at any border. Thus the Illinoisan can buy Florida grapefruit and California oranges for about the same price Floridians and Californians pay. And they, in turn, can buy his tractors for about what he would have to pay for one. Nothing further need be said about the standard of living that process has yielded the United States.

As much as any other man, I want to see industrially undeveloped nations of both hemispheres achieve the development they now dream of. I want to see people better fed and clothed and housed in all countries. Brazil has coal and iron. A Brazilian steel industry can and should develop; the laws of economics dictate that it shall.

Colombia grows coffee, bananas, wheat, barley, cotton, sugar cane, corn, rubber, and cattle; has oil, emeralds, gold, silver, and platinum. It manufactures textiles, beer, shoes, glass, soap, etc. Observe how naturally those manufacturing industries spring from the native crops and resources.

That is a logical development which can, I have no doubt, be carried much further.

What I fear is that if every nation sets out to manufacture everything it needs at home, importing raw materials to do it, a tariff war would result which would impose penalties on every consumer the world around. That would be a retrogression to the day when every nation was a sovereign economic national unit answering only unto itself. That day, I feel, is dead.

We have had a new dispensation since then. We have, thanks to technology, a world that is more or less one—of which condition the United Nations is an expression. We see that that world must become one world economically, too. Each nation must view its own problems in the light of the over-all problem.

That is what men from 61 nations were trying to do in Havana, the capital of my country, in December, January, and February. Trade experts, they were attending the United Nations Conference on Trade and Employment. Their main aim was to blueprint an International Trade Organization, and in the effort they debated tariffs, quotas, embargoes, subsidies, and all the rest. If such an organization comes into being, it will, as now planned, have no control over the establishment of new industries. It will, in fact, encourage their development and the expansion of trade. It will be directly concerned, however, with the methods a nation proposes to use in protecting that new industry. It will encourage use of the method least harmful to the greatest number of people everywhere.

THAT, to me, seems reasonable. The world is not yet ready for wholly free trade. Many nations, such as my own, need tariff revenues to survive. Many sound new industries need some protection given by tariffs and quotas. But let the nations everywhere, thinking of other nations as well as themselves, keep their barriers at the lowest point possible. Then trade will flow, the health and comfort of humankind will improve, and Mars conceivably will find himself permanently unemployed.





*"We look at our fledgelings and wonder how such nice kids could come from parents who knew so little and learned that little so late."*

## If We Had It to Do Over

FIRESIDE THOUGHTS OF A MAN BASKING IN THAT LULL WHICH PRECEDES THE 'NOW I'M A GRANDFATHER!' ADVENTURE.

By Raymond Fisher

**T**ODAY we sit like two old robins at the edge of the nest, with tail feathers drooping and heads hunched down. Our young robins have flown.

Of course they will come back—to bring their young mates for a visit and, later, to park their small robins with us, we hope. But we old birds are, just now, a little lonely and a little rueful.

If only we had it all to do over again, we keep thinking, how much better we would do it. Well, say that we *did* have it to do over. Say that we could begin the whole business of parenthood afresh, but knowing what we now know. What would we do differently? A hundred things . . . and here are some of them.

Most certainly we would go at the job less seriously, less grimly. Often we were so eager to make a success of the family, so intent on teaching and molding, that we forgot to smile or laugh. A smile, we have since discovered, is the best mental protection one can give an infant.

Laughter, I grant you, Dad, is not the normal reaction when you

find your prized block plane rusting away in the sandbox. Smiles, I grant you, Mom, come hard when five kids and three dogs stampede across your fresh linoleum for a drink of water. And joy flees when, at table, Miss Nine slams down her knife and shouts that she can't cut this icky old meat, and Master Six, teetering on his junior chair, *does* go over backward just as we've prophesied ten thousand times!

Still, such moments call, if not for laughter, for a kind of detached and godlike amusement at the ways of the little ones. Give me this, at any rate: that the terrible tautness that grips parents in little crises like this gets you nowhere—except to the gastrointestinal clinic.

What a priceless bestowal is the habit of laughter! We, if we had it to do over, would deliberately cultivate it.

That's one thing. Now another. Clothes! What changes we'd make there! We'd dress our children for freedom, protection, and comfort first—and for style last. We'd go out heavily for loose coveralls,

lightly on starchy pinafores. We'd cut in half the time spent dressing and undressing the brood.

Inordinate friction and conflict develop from this exhausting operation, say the psychologists—and 10 million mothers and some fathers will answer that this is hardly news. A young father I know visited his son's kindergarten class and reported this: By the time the teacher and her helpers had unsnowsuited and unbooted the 20 tots and had read them one story, it was time to begin the reclothing job and send the youngsters home.

And, oh, yes: we would give our youngsters much more responsibility in choosing their clothes, yielding completely to them in their high-school years. Another father I know is doing precisely this with his 13-year-old son. The lad's allowance is scaled to cover his clothing needs—but just barely. The first month Buster bought a \$13 pair of shoes ("Smooth," he said) which he didn't need badly, and had only \$2 left over for a pair of pants which were a pressing emergency. He saw his old

## Putting HUMAN NATURE to Work

Here are stories about men who have done it. Now, let's have yours. If it is used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication—and \$5 to it).—Editors.



Truckers and freight handlers are pretty rough on packages—but a Cincinnati firm figured they'd enjoy a chuckle too. So it developed humorous stickers for its shipments. Here's a sample: "Treat this high-grade office furniture as you would your wealthy aunt (handle with care)." It worked.

"Business Week."



Curiosity can kill kittens—or lure buyers, as a Minneapolis department-store manager knows. One day he instructed each of his salesgirls to tie a red ribbon around a finger. Inquiring customers were told, "Oh, that's to remind me to tell you of our big sale of gloves today." Glove sales kept the cash registers jingling that day.

Harold Heller, Washington, D. C.



Twenty years ago I spent a Summer in Europe selling American tennis racquets. It was hard going. Sales were slow in France and not much better in Switzerland. In Italy, however, prospects became brighter.

Calling on a Milan sporting-goods store, I found the manager affable. He praised my samples, but then dashed my hopes by informing me he was handling a competitive line. But he added: "Come with me. I'm going to introduce you to my strongest competitor."

This he did. As a result, I made some excellent sales. To me that incident was a demonstration of genuine courtesy and good sportsmanship in business. It exemplified the true spirit of Rotary as well.

E. A. Perreghaux, Willimantic, Conn.

pants through till the next month, however—and learned something about money management doing it.

Which is to speak of allowances rather than clothes. Mrs. Robin once wrote an article on children's allowances and it proved so widely popular it was even translated into German. Our trouble was that I did not practice what she preached. If we had it to do over, we would most certainly enlarge the allowance as responsibility and wisdom increase. We would make the sum predictable, certain, and regular—and we'd smile if some of it were blown away; this would be the child's *exploration*. Yet we'd let him carry the burden of his mistakes. No more would I buy off his errors of judgment with extra cash; no more would I hand out allowances with a gesture of bestowal as if to say, "Isn't Papa nice?" Bad psychology!

We didn't have a rumpus room last time. Would we this? On your life, we would—a place for doing pretty much as we individually pleased. And it and every other room in the house would reflect far more the tastes of the children as well as the parents. The youngsters' rooms would be their own creations—laboratories for the development of discrimination. "And this," we'd say, "is *our* living room. How can *we* enjoy it and preserve it and make it still more pleasant?" We wavered last time—never quite knew whether the house was there to serve us or we the house. We have that straight now.

Jumping from the house to the garage, as modern family life does, we come to the problem of the family car. First let me say that never, never would we take such long trips with the children as we did. They were murder! This time it would be short trips with perhaps the children's chums along, more stops, less eating at chance restaurants.

As for the *driving* of the car, we'd solve that in this way: We'd say, "Certainly you are going to learn to drive—and at the earliest reasonable age. You are going to learn motoring mechanics, responsibilities, and dangers (as high schools are now teaching them\*). Then, with your driver's license,

you may use the family car when it is necessary—provided you pay for your gas and oil and a share of the liability insurance."

The father who showed his 17-year-old son that it cost exactly 11.2 a mile to operate their car heard the youth acknowledge that then he ought to pay at that rate and saw him restrict his use of it to occasional "heavy dates." Your own car, Son? Yes, but it must be more than a sloppy jalopy and you must float all expenses—including ample liability insurance.

Meals! Family meals! How rarely are they the serene and chatty events that sentimental nonparents picture. How often are they pitched battles set off by, "Liver and bacon again! Ugh!" We were well on our way to a solution of this problem, however, in our latter days around the family table. Mother hit upon it when, one fine Summer evening, she announced that henceforth each of us would be responsible for one good meal a day—"But mind you, *you* have to plan the menu, *you* have to do the marketing, *you* have to keep expenses down as I do, and *you* have to wash up after your creations." It worked. We ate some, ah, interesting fare for a while—and the grumbling ceased.

**P**ETS! We'd start again the round of cats, chameleons, dogs, jumping beans, white rats, guinea pigs, and gold fish which shared our home with us . . . but this time the principle would be: "Animals, yes—as many as *you* can properly care for, as many as you can feed and house out of your allowances."

A quarter century back we had no Dr. Aldrich to tell us that *Babies Are Human Beings*, no Dr. Myers to say *Stop Annoying Your Children!* (two excellent books, young father and mother!). We could and did, however, develop a sort of philosophy of parenthood. If I had that philosophy to weave over again, it would have as its basic pattern: *joyful family responsibility*.

Yet we two old birds hope that we didn't do so badly. We look at our handsome fledgelings as they soar off and wonder how such nice kids could come from parents who knew so little and learned that little so late.

\* See *Young Illiterates of the Highway*, by Amos E. Neyhart, THE ROTARIAN for August, 1945.

## THE OBJECTS OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

# This Rotary Month

News Notes from 35 East Wacker Drive in Chicago.

Understanding. Some 130 radio stations in the United States and Canada are broadcasting six 15-minute programs on the United Nations. Local Rotary Clubs are staging the programs; the Secretariat of Rotary International prepared the scripts.

Acting Governor. President S. Kendrick Guernsey has appointed Raymond C. Campbell, of Elizabethton, Tenn., as Acting Governor of Rotary District 186, to fill out the term for D. D. Rice, of Johnson City, Tenn., who still remains Governor though he is seriously ill. Rotarian Campbell is a Past Governor of the District.

Rio Aid. The American Chamber of Commerce for Brazil has offered its help to Conventiongoers. It has commodious downtown offices, a full-time executive vice-president, a manager, and a staff of 17—willing and equipped to assist in giving information about business conditions, golf and other recreational facilities, and all that makes for hospitality. Rotarian George W. Mattox, a past president, heads a special committee to serve visiting Rotarians.

Rio and Quebec Appointments. Appointments for the Rio Convention include these: Paul B. McKee, of Portland, Ore., Sergeant at Arms; Frank L. Mulholland, of Toledo, Ohio, Chairman of the Council on Legislation; and Walter R. Jenkins, of Houston, Tex., Convention Song Leader. Named as Sergeants at Arms for the International Assembly at Quebec, Que., Canada, April 24-May 2 are Norman G. Foster, of Ottawa, Ont., Canada, and Arthur C. Hunt, of Wood River, Ill.

Baggage Boon. Flying to Rotary's Convention at Rio de Janeiro? You'll have a 66-pound free baggage allowance if you go by Pan American, that airway has just announced. That's 11 pounds more than before—which is a tidy boon, especially for the souvenir-bringer-home.

Calendar. Here are important dates for the Rotary world:

Board of Directors.....Chicago, Illinois.....April 22-23.

International Assembly.....Quebec, Que., Canada.....April 24-May 2.

Institute....Quebec, Que., Canada.....April 24-May 2.

International Convention...Rio de Janeiro, Brazil....May 16-20.

A Million? In the year and a month since Paul Harris died, Rotarians of the world have contributed almost \$900,000 to the Rotary Foundation as a memorial to their late Founder. That was the figure at the close of Rotary Anniversary Week in February. Club campaigns then in the windup stage were expected to bring the total to one million dollars. More than 900 Clubs have sent in amounts representing at least \$10 a member, and this number was expected to jump soon to 1,000 Clubs.

Vital Statistics. Total number of Rotary Clubs: 6,407. Estimated total number of Rotarians: 310,000. Number of new and readmitted Clubs since July 1, 1947, 192 in 28 countries. All figures as of March 1.





*A lad of 1948 studies the picturesque reflection of a 500-year-old castle on the River Elbe in Czechoslovakia. It's his schoolhouse now!*



*Beginning with this group of students and teachers, this Rotarian-initiated school has grown into an institution with a faculty of 30.*

## Czech Boys Now Pore over Books Where Knights of Eld Held Forth

**T**O KEEP from going insane during his years in Nazi concentration camps, a Czech heart specialist centered his thoughts on education. Particularly did he dream of founding a different kind of high school—one based on Rotary's concept of service above self. Its pupils would be taught to appreciate the good qualities of other nations. Love of the ways of democracy would be stressed.

Upon his release, Dr. Ladislav Filip returned to his home city of Podebrady. There he told fellow members of the re-established Rotary Club about his dreams and they joined him in urging authorities to establish the school.

King George's College resulted—an institution regal both in name and in setting. It is housed in the centuries-old castle where Bohemia's King George (1420-1471) planned a medieval forerunner of the United Nations. Extensively remodelled, its rooms and corridors now resound to youthful voices and hurrying footsteps of boys and girls. Outside, however, the castle is unchanged. It still commands the Elbe River.

About 100 boys from neighboring towns and villages are enrolled as boarding students in the College, now in its second year. It also serves as a public school for Podebrady boys and girls ranging in age from 11 to 19 years. Experimental and unique in many respects, the school bears a slight resemblance to the famous English schools of Eton and Rugby. However, it is not a copy of either. The pupils follow a regular curriculum until 1 o'clock, then devote the afternoon to activities of many kinds.



*In halls that once echoed the clank of armor and rustle of silk, pupils now learn woodworking and other crafts. These and gardening, Boy Scout projects, and tours fill the afternoons, while classical courses occupy the mornings.*

# Kill That Crow!

WE SAT at the edge of a snowy field, in a blind built of brush and cornstalks, two of us with our guns across our laps. We were dressed like a couple of AWOL ski troopers: white gloves, white hoods, knee-length white parkas pulled over our heavy wool hunting clothes.

It was February, a queer time of year for two men to be huddled in a blind. The morning was still and cold, the countryside empty and lifeless. The duck season had been closed for three months and the last duck had flown south many weeks before. Yet there we were, camouflaged in white, watching the eastern sky redden with the promise of the Winter sunrise, waiting hopefully for feathered targets to come in.

On the face of things it looked like a futile vigil. Then, from a patch of woods a mile away, a thin caw split the morning stillness and we knew our fun was about to begin. The one caw was followed by sudden strident clamor and we saw a band of a dozen crows rise out of the timber and drift our way.

A couple of minutes later five of the band were slanting in to our decoys, tumbling down reckless and eager, cawing and yelping as they came. Then the guns talked, the first two crumpled and fell, and the three behind them spun and climbed. But one, tardy in turning, faltered and came plummeting with the others.

It was mid-Winter, long after the close of the shooting season on grouse or pheasants, ducks or quail. Yet we were off to as lively a morning of wing shooting as a shotgun enthusiast could ask for. Before we left the blinds that noon the two of us fired close to 100 rounds and managed to make a fair percentage count. Yet we quit shooting with consciences as untroubled as a child's. As a matter of fact, more young rabbits would grow to maturity in that neighborhood the following Sum-

mer, more pheasants come from the egg, more duck nests go un-raided because of our shooting.

That is the rôle Jim Crow plays nowadays in the North American sporting scene. He provides excellent sport for Northern hunters at seasons when no other legal game is available. He can hardly be properly called a game bird, yet he yields many a day of shooting as packed with thrills and pleasures as any day in a duck blind or behind grouse dogs. He neither deserves, needs, nor gets protection under the law and those who hunt him have the added satisfaction of knowing that they are doing the game supply of their section a good turn in the bargain.

Over much of the United States and Canada crows are far more plentiful than either upland game birds or waterfowl, and the hunter who fails to make use of them, in the Winter months when the season is closed on better game, is missing a superlative bet. Other gunning seasons come and go, but the crow season goes on without interruption through all the 12 months of the year.

The crow's reputation as an enemy of rabbits, ducks, pheasants, and quail is honestly earned. The farm poultry yard has no foe more crafty and dangerous, the newly planted cornfield no visitor more destructive. Old Jim is a black-guard of the feathered world and it is no wonder that the hand of every man is set against him.

No bird outranks him for shrewdness and guile. Found from Florida westward to the arid plains and north through Labrador and the fur country of Canada as far as timber grows, he is equally at home in remote wilderness and in settled farmlands.

The enmity of his human neighbors bothers him hardly at all. He has learned to evade them, outsmart them, beat them at their own game. They shoot him, trap him, rob his nest, put a price on his head, and blast him in his



A Michigan hunter prepares to decoy crows with an owl. Crows hate the owls, love to fight them.



Jim Crow is smart, but this man outsmarts him with white suit and blind in a snowy cornfield.



OLD JIM'S A BAD BIRD. ERASING HIM IS GOOD SENSE  
—AND REAL YEAR-ROUND SPORT!

By Ben East

Sportsman and Journalist



To lure crows to his decoys, this Ohioan uses a crow call. Blown right, it brings 'em swooping.



roosts with dynamite, yet Old Jim continues to prosper and the experts say there is not the slightest risk that his tribe will ever disappear from the earth. He is far too wise a bird to let that happen!

He shows his native intelligence in endless clever tricks. He knows when it is safe to be bold and noisy and when it is time to maintain a discreet silence. Crows roost by the thousands in many a city park, in the trees of cemeteries, in patches of woods on college campuses, their presence totally unsuspected by most of the humans around them. They drift quietly in to these roosting places in early evening, scatter out at daybreak before people are astir.

Old Jim will come brazenly down and walk on your lawn in the first light of morning or perch in a tree 50 feet from your bedroom window and shout insults at every other crow within hearing. But later in the day he becomes stealth personified, and even in country where crows are abundant you may not hear so much as a single caw.

In his raids on poultry yards he displays the same canniness and caution. He will perch on a convenient fence or tree not far from the barn, seemingly unaware that there are young chickens near-by, until he is sure the coast is clear. Then he floats silently down, grabs a chick, and races for the shelter of the nearest woods.

One curious injury he does to man unwittingly. He is one of the birds that feeds without ill effects on the berries of poison ivy, sumac, and oak. In fact, they are among his favorite Winter foods and it is not unusual to find more than 100 such berries in a crow stomach. After the soft pulp is digested the hard seeds are coughed up in compact bunches, all too often in a location where they can germinate later to start new plantations of oak or ivy.

Black as his reputation is, and fairly as he comes by it, Old Jim's

record is not all bad. He does liquidate large numbers of destructive insects and he also does his bit to keep down the mouse population.

Success in crow shooting depends on outsmarting one of the craftiest birds that ever took wing. The hunter needs a blind that will escape the notice of approaching crows, and that calls for streamlined camouflage. Old Jim's eyes are keen and his guard is rarely down. A temporary blind can be built on a spot, of whatever material matches the surroundings. For a brushy fence row, a brush blind. For a cornfield, a cornshock opened up to hide the hunter.

Those who make a major hobby of crow shooting find it worth while to construct a light portable blind that can be moved from place to place and set up wherever shooting promises to be good. For use on snow, white cloth fastened over a light wood frame is very satisfactory. Such a blind should be made in panels so it can be knocked down, transported, and set up without difficulty. For bare ground shooting, tall wild grass woven through chicken mesh, with maybe a lining of canvas to keep wind out, is quite ideal.

The blind should be erected on a good crow flyway, of course. Locations within a mile of a roost, but not near enough to disturb the main body of crows, or near a garbage field or slaughterhouse, where large numbers come to feed, are especially productive.

For hunting on snow the crow shooter should wear a white outfit. A white parka or sweat shirt with separate hood, pulled on over the regular hunting clothing, serves nicely. A simple camouflage suit can even be made by wrapping a white sheet around the head and shoulders, blanket fashion. I have seen many crows killed from a shallow pit scooped in a snowbank, by a



brace of blackguards that will thief no more  
and a huntsman who has had a big afternoon.



Photo: International News

Two Swiss girls, in native costume, pose with Stamford's great carillon.

## They Ring a Tune of Friendship

ON THE OUTSIDE, the little New England city of Stamford, Connecticut, is just that—a city and nothing more. But deep in Switzerland are folk who know differently. When the war cut them off from their homeland, they learned that Stamford is warm-hearted, hospitable, and friendly. For that reason the magnificent tones of a carillon now peel out over Stamford on Sunday mornings.

The story behind Stamford's bells dates back to 1939. A Swiss food and candy firm stationed 200 employees in Stamford to handle its Western Hemisphere interests. The city took them to its heart—particularly during wartime days. Swiss children attended its schools while adults took an active part in community affairs. Especially did they enjoy social affairs and music-group rehearsals in the parish rooms of the First Presbyterian Church. The pastor, Rotarian Dr. George Stewart, became their warm friend. In 1944 he left for a mission overseas with the British forces, but his successor, the Reverend Donald F. Campbell, likewise a Rotarian, also became close to them, for he was an authority on carillons, so dear to the hearts of all Swiss.

When the war ended, most of Stamford's Swiss colony returned to their Alpine homeland. But they did not forget the overseas city that had welcomed them. Recently a 36-bell carillon came to Stamford—a gift of remembrance to the community to be installed in the First Presbyterian Church. Both Dr. Stewart and the Reverend Mr. Campbell were present at the dedication of the bells. In a presentation address, the spokesman of the donors said: "May these bells speak forever of the best in our two countries: the love of peace, honor, the dignity of the individual, self-respect, industry, friendship, and fair dealing."

Stamford people, hearing the glorious music of the great bronze bells, feel the gift will live up to hopes expressed for it.

—Sando Bologna.

hunter garbed entirely in white clothing.

Decoys are needed, of course. And oddly enough the most effective decoy for a crow is not another crow. Old Jim is too canny to come slamming in and expose his black skin to a charge of chilled sixes for no better reason than that he chances to see three or four dummy crows perched around a blind.

You have to play on his emotions to outsmart him, and for that nothing beats an owl. There is a bitter feud between the crow and owl tribes. No crow ever passes up an opportunity to annoy and tantalize any owl he sees. He calls all his clan within hearing to join in the fun and the flock makes a field day of the occasion.

Therefore the crow shooter uses an owl—live, stuffed, or imitation—for a decoy. He places it in front of his blind and adds a dozen plastic crow decoys, perched in strategic places in trees or on fence posts as if they had gathered for a carnival, to build up the deception.

Rare is the crow that can come within sight of such a layout and keep his self-control. Here is an owl waiting to be mobbed. Here are a few lucky crows already on the scene. The newcomer peels off and comes in for the sport like a feathered dive bomber, which is exactly what the man in the blind is waiting for.

One final ingredient is needed to ensure a good shoot. That is a crow call and the ability to use it. Crows must be attracted, brought within sight of the decoys, and only skillful calling will accomplish that with satisfactory frequency.

The crow shooter will need to study crow dialect, learn the language, know the sound and meaning of each discordant note. Practice and experience will do the rest. Calling is an art worth mastering if you want good Winter wing shooting.

Remember, finally, that each crow you kill from December through March means a better break for quail, pheasants, and ducks in May and June. Crow shooting is good sport and good conservation combined—and there are neither bag limits nor closed seasons to hedge it in.

# Peeps at Things to Come

PRESENTED BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Improving Alfalfa.** Alfalfa was formerly a Western United States crop because only there does it produce abundant seed. Now it has been found that some varieties grown in the West for seed are well adapted for feed production in the East. The United States Department of Agriculture in cooperation with State Agricultural Experiment Stations is sending Eastern seedling plants to the West and later the seed from these plants are shipped back East. Some varieties grown for seed in the West do not do well in the East, while others do well in both places if the latitude is about the same. From plants that do well in both regions are now produced hybrid strains that grow more and better seed in the West and are more disease resistant and give better yields in the East.

■ **Rust No More.** American industry pays an annual toll of more than 6 billion dollars to rust—most of it preventable. For removing the rust from tools, machinery, stampings, and castings we have three solutions, each made by a different company. You just brush or spray on the solution, let it dry or set, and then brush it off. For preventing the formation of rust on ferrous surfaces, we have another well-known material which comes in several colors, and finally a new and strange material, which comes either as a powder or as a paper which has the powder on it. This slowly vaporizes and on contact with this vapor no iron can rust. Either the powder is blown into complex machines like typewriters which are wrapped for overseas shipments or the item is wrapped in the paper.

■ **Skate Sharpener.** In the past we have been familiar with carbide knife and scissors sharpeners. Now comes an addition in the shape of a carbide jewel ice-skate sharpener which enables anyone to sharpen his skates and keep them sharp. The device is so designed that it can be operated with either hand. The jewel holder fits the runner of the skate and a few steady strokes from heel to toe will sharpen the blade, giving a hollow-ground effect.

■ **Midget Mike.** A new midget telephone induction interceptor requires no physical contact with the telephone and will pick both sides of a telephone conversation for radio loud-speaker listening or for recording on either a disk or a wire. With it, for example, a member of the family can telephone home and all who can gather within the sound of the radio loud-speaker can listen in. The device measures only one inch in diameter and one-quarter inch thick.

Weighing about one ounce, it fits over the outside of the earpiece, and inside or underneath the cradle desk phone or can be concealed in the ringer box on the wall. It will operate with any standard radio receiver, phonograph, or microphone amplifier or any type disc-wire-film-cylinder electric recording device, either for loud-speaker listening or the recording of two-way telephone conversations.

■ **Facials for the Home.** Recently the conductor of this department saw a house get a facial cleaning that was a good one. A workman sprayed some sort of a chemical on the outside walls and then rinsed it off. All chalky, oxidized paint and dirt were removed and the good paint was left clean and new-looking. His charge for a five-room house was usually about \$40. The company making the outfits does not sell them, but distributes them on a franchise basis.

■ **Fire Wand.** Many of us have one or more carbon-dioxide fire extinguishers about the house and most of them are far from decorative. Now comes a new type that looks as good as it really is. Hanging in the kitchen it looks like door chimes, though the tubes are larger. To put out a fire, you just reach up and pull down one of the "wands," touch the button—puff, puff—and the fire is out.

■ **Flavor Recovered.** A practical process has been developed for recovering as an essence the volatile flavors of fresh fruit juices. The essence contains all the aroma in a concentration more than 150 times that of fresh juice. In the ordinary concentration of fruit juices for jellies and other products,

the flavor of the fresh fruit is largely lost. This is particularly apparent in apples, but by adding a small amount of the apple essence the full flavor is again restored. It is added to apple jelly just before it is ready to set. The same principle, of course, is applicable to other fruits. By passing freshly expressed juices through a rapid evaporator, the flavors are stripped off. Research on the recovery of apple essence has progressed well toward completion, and now under way is a search to determine the optimum conditions for recovering the essences of additional fruits.

■ **All-Ways Saw.** Many a hobbyist has been worried by the fact that his scroll-saw blade will operate only in one direction. A newly patented scroll-saw blade saws equally well in all directions—frontward, backward, sideways, and every other way. It has a continuous spiral cutting edge, making it possible to saw equally well in all directions without turning the blade or the work. The blade is tough, oil-tempered, spring steel and will cut wood, plastics, and even light metal with ease.

■ **Starvation Fighter.** Much of the food for underfed millions will soon be food yeast and much of this high-quality food yeast, so rich in vitamins, especially of the B complex, will be grown on wastes now being thrown away. One of the newest of such yeast foods is the juice extracted from ground, limed citrus peel. During the war this juice was used in compounding mixed animal feeds. The return of blackstrap molasses, however, makes other uses for the citrus peel desirable since its disposal in sewage systems is always a problem. A 90-pound box of citrus fruit will give about three gallons of this juice, which will produce at least one pound of food yeast. At least half of this yeast is high-quality protein—especially rich in thiamin, riboflavin, and egosterol, as well as abundant niacin and pantothenic acid. The yeast greatly complements a cereal diet as the yeast proteins are equal to those of milk.

■ **Educated Bees.** Beekeepers have long known that the "busy bee" is in reality just as lazy as it dares to be. It will never wear out its wings gathering nectar for honey provided it can accomplish the same thing more easily. A California lumber dealer who experiments with bee breeding as a side line confines his bees and feeds them invert sugar and flower pollen. The bees suck this from the feeding troughs instead of from the flowers and put it in the comb as usual. He has even trained his bees to accept invert sugar sirups which have been variously colored to match his fruit flavors—mint, lemon, pineapple, chocolate, maple, strawberry, etc.

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Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



Here's a domino which won't go to any masquerades, but may help some people get there. It's a device to be used when heat therapy is prescribed for head colds, facial neuralgia, and migraine headaches. It weighs two ounces, can be plugged into a 110- or 120-volt outlet.





## The **NEW** Swimming Pool at Malone

BY SUBSTITUTING 'SWIMMING' FOR 'SWIPING.'

ROTARIANS THERE ARE MAKING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY A FORGOTTEN PROBLEM.

"**T**HIS juvenile delinquency," the Chief said sternly, "must be curtailed immediately—or sooner."

I was thunderstruck. And Scoopy—he's my long-eared companion—looked at me accusingly. But honestly, I hadn't snitched on him. Not a word had I breathed about his long chase after that sassy Angora. Or the bones buried in Mrs. Smith's petunia bed. The Chief went on . . .

"Those Rotarians of Malone, New York, have the right plan for keeping children out of trouble. Why, do you know that since they opened their fine recreation park, there hasn't been a single entry on the juvenile-court docket? And that petty theft is practically unknown at the 'five-and-dime' stores?"

"Now," he added briskly, while I extricated myself from Scoopy's doghouse, "you make tracks for Malone and get all the facts you can locate. Sounds like

a story we ought to pass on to others."

It was. In fact, District Governor William S. Emery, of Montreal, Quebec, Canada, calls it the Rotary "story of the year." Furthermore, he cites it as one of the great Community Service projects accomplished by a relatively small Club.

See those two little tykes splashing so merrily in the above picture? Schoolman Berton Davis, who heads the Malone Rotarians, says to multiply them by about 2,000 and you'll get the number no longer asking, "What'll we do now?" on a hot Summer afternoon or evening. There's plenty of room for them in the big swimming "hole." And space for competitive sports like softball and horseshoe. And the whole family goes a-picnicking at the Park on Sundays or holidays.

Malone, you see, is a city of about 11,000. A fine place to live, it nevertheless lacked recreation facilities for

its youth. So its 52-member Rotary Club voted to do something. In two years' time it raised \$30,000 to buy property for a park site. An artificial lake was created by damming a stream.

One of the best features of the project is the coöperation of different segments of Malone's people. It helped to make the entire population community-minded. Everybody—clergymen, professional and business men, college students—pitched in and helped out with shovels, pickaxes, and rakes. Knockers became boosters and followed through with substantial financial contributions.

As a deterrent to juvenile crime, Malone's park is doing a job that no reformatory could.

—Yours, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN





Plenty of chicken for all at family picnic dinners in the park.



"A two-bagger at least!" Softball games like this one (above) provide fun for players and spectators alike at the community

park. "Barnyard golf" is another name for horseshoe pitching (below), but it's a "young-old" sport now popular in Malone.





Pronghorn antelope — a sketch from Florence Page and Francis Lee Jaques' *Canadian Spring*.

## Speaking of New Books

ABOUT WESTERN CANADA . . . THE U. S. WEST

OF ANOTHER DAY . . . GARDENS . . . OLD HOUSES . . . BIRDS.

By John T. Frederick

Author and Reviewer

WHEN the April weather comes, as good Geoffrey Chaucer noted long ago, *Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages*.

And if things just don't permit us to satisfy Spring's restlessness by starting for far places in car or ship or train or plane, there are books that can meet much of the same need—and there are things to see and do, beyond what most of us have ever realized, in our own neighborhoods, even in our own back yards.

A new book in which I find very active pleasure as the imaginative sharer of a rich and adventurous journey is *Canadian Spring*, by Florence Page Jaques, with illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques. It is the story of a trip into the wide lands of Western Canada of which most of us know so little—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and the Canadian Rockies—by a husband and wife who seem to me to have truly unique skill in giving other people the best rewards of their travelling. Mrs. Jaques writes of the journey—of places and incidents, of people met and of birds and animals—with warm sympathy and infectious interest, with sensitiveness for beauty and meaning and with a sense of humor that doesn't fail. Her husband pictures the same things for us in another medium: his drawings of roads, marshes, mountains, and especially of birds and other wild creatures are a recurring delight as one turns the pages of this book. Certainly he is a great artist of the world outdoors.

One of the fine parts of this book is the first section, called "Manitoba Marsh," an account of some weeks spent at the Delta Waterfowl Research Station on Lake Manitoba. Mrs. Jaques' best fun here was in watching the ruddy ducks—droll little creatures which she had already learned to love as she saw

them elsewhere and which now became a real enthusiasm. She pictures one for us thus, in his courtship plumage: "ruddy indeed, with rich red feathers. He wore a shining black crown which emphasized his snowy cheeks, and he had a bill of dazzling blue. His spiny spike of a tail stood straight up, and as I watched he spread it out into a ridiculous fan." Mr. Jaques' pencil is ready to help the words come alive.

This is the fifth of such books that Florence Page and Francis Lee Jaques have given us, and in some ways the best. You'll look far for such good company, and for a journey so full of meaning, interest, and beauty.

To journey in time as well as in place we have to buy our tickets at the bookstore rather than the travel agency. It happens that one such tour is available to us this Spring which is in the highest degree exceptional. It takes us into the Pacific Northwest of more than a century ago, into the world of the fur traders, the mountain men. Our guides and companions are an artist who actually did see and record those times and places—an artist whose work has been almost unknown for a century and is now reopened to us; and a writer who achieves in himself and for us an amazingly rich and vigorous re-creation of the world.

*Across the Wide Missouri* is a double-barrelled book indeed. Bernard De Voto has written a history of the critical years 1832-8, in which the American Fur Company (John Jacob Astor's "trust") was challenged for control of the Northwest, and the lines were laid down which were soon to bring settlers into the region: written with such sure and familiar control of the materials, with such drive and gusto, that the experience of these pages is one the reader is reluctant to interrupt and will find it

impossible to forget. Paralleling his text are some 70 plates reproducing "except for the lost canvases of Samuel Seymour, the first paintings ever made of the interior West," as Mr. De Voto shows in a noteworthy essay on "The First Illustrators of the West" which accompanies them. They are the work of Alfred Jacob Miller, a young American artist who joined his patron, Sir William Drummond Stewart, in adventurous journeyings in the fur country in these years, and recorded what he saw. Lost and forgotten for two generations, the work of Miller has been assembled and recognized largely through the efforts of Mae Reed Porter, who contributes an account of it to this volume. With Miller's sketches and paintings, the book offers also a dozen examples of the work of George Catlin and Charles Bodmer in portrayal of the Indians and their life. Naturally, all these pictures point and supplement Mr. De Voto's text to an extraordinary degree, while the text gives meaning and reference to the pictures.

I FEEL no doubt that De Voto's writing is as sound historically as it is brilliant and enjoyable. From both the literary and the historical points of view, I suspect that he has written the best book on the fur trade since Irving (whose work he treats with much respect).

We can explore that same region at a time both a little earlier and later—and also in very good company—in another new book: *The Overland Trail*, by Jay Monaghan. Here is another book which shows amply that sound history can be well written. Mr. Monaghan has made thorough study of vexed questions, has mastered a vast bulk of information. He has fashioned all his facts into a narrative of sustained and often intense interest. Well-selected photographic illus-



trations are a valid part of this book's appeal. As a volume in the new American Trails series—another and highly welcome example of the systematic study and portrayal of related aspects of life in the United States—it achieves a truly high standard. The stories of coastal and interior exploration, of Ashley—the first great fur trader—and his men, of Narcissa Whitman, of Father DeSmet, of the Donners, of Parkman—are all woven together, with their extremities of heroism, of horror, of melodrama and even of humor, into one pattern which is the story of the Overland Trail itself. Here is a trip worth taking.

The greatest of all journeys—not in American history alone but in world history—is that which brought the Old World to the New: not merely human bodies, but minds and souls, ways of life, motives and attitudes: the whole vast process which Edward Eggleston appropriately called *The Transit of Civilization* in a pioneer work never sufficiently appreciated. Theodore C. Blegen is a man who has a profound and sensitive appreciation of the human significance of historical events and of this greatest event in particular: a sympathetic awareness and understanding of the human integer, the personal emotion and experience, which too many historians have lacked. In a new book called *Grass Roots History* he has brought together a group of essays which illustrate and express this sympathy and understanding. On such subjects as "Singing Immigrants," "Frontier Bookshelves," "Everyday Life As Advertised," they recreate for us aspects of the great journey in the terms in which it presented itself to participants—especially in the "transit" from the Scandinavian countries to Minnesota and neighboring States. These essays taken together embody much of what I hold to be the

true philosophy of history. They are also uncommonly good reading.

Journeys in the States of the American Middle West, which many of us would have liked to share and can enjoy vicariously, are recorded in the friendly and informing pages of John Drury's *Historic Midwest Houses*. John Drury and his wife travelled throughout the region of this study, looking at interesting old houses and learning about them. They selected more than 100 of the most significant, architecturally and historically, for this book. The photographs are excellent, and the text is rich in the tissue of history, yet informal and wholly readable. This book is a contribution of highest importance to the understanding and appreciation of the Middle West, by Midwesterners and others.

Historic old houses figure, too, in *Country Life in America—As Lived by Ten Presidents of the United States*, by Edward Townsend Booth: Mount Vernon, Monticello, The Hermitage. Ten of America's Presidents, as Mr. Booth shows, from Washington to Coolidge, preferred rural to city life, and returned happily to country homes after they left office. Most of them, including Washington, Jackson, and Van Buren, became active and successful farmers. Mr. Booth tells us of the rural backgrounds and interests of each of his ten Presidents, and describes for us their country homes and the lives they lived there. The sketches of Jackson and Van Buren are especially fine, and the book as a whole is one I have greatly enjoyed. It is a fresh approach to both history and biography, and one of real significance. Mr. Booth knows how to make people and their actions real and understandable to his readers. Like other books I have discussed here, his *Country Life in America* has the interest, the color, and the texture of good fiction—with meaning which fiction rarely holds.

At the beginning of this month's department I asserted that April excursions can be made with most significant pleasure right in our own neighborhoods or even in our own back yards. Now at the end I want to mention some books which will contribute to that pleasure.

*This Was Ever in My Dream*, by Caroline B. King, is a likable account of the making of an extensive hillside garden in Pennsylvania, with many suggestions that gardeners in general can use. It contains some good photographs, is based on what seem to me very sound and sensible principles, and is pleasantly written.

*How to Attract the Birds*, by Robert S. Lemmon, is the most complete and practical book I have ever seen on the highly worth-while subject of bringing birds into our gardens. It contains sensible brief chapters, plus plans and drawings with admirably clear direc-

## For a Guest

By Bert Cooksley

Let my house be Journey's End;  
Here is rest to borrow;  
Sleep has only peace to lend  
To the long day's labor, friend—  
Sleep until tomorrow!

Here's a hearthplace, here is food,  
Here there is no hurry;  
For the fretful and the rude  
Workings of an old earth's mood—  
Let tomorrow worry!

For the long day's labor, friend,  
There'll be time tomorrow;  
Let my house be Journey's End,  
Sleep has only peace to lend—  
Come you in and borrow!

tions, on such subjects as "Homes and Shelters," "Foods and Feeding," and "Water to Drink and to Bathe In," and includes an admirable list of plants that furnish natural food and shelter.

For expeditions that follow the birds afield, Roger Tory Peterson's *A Field Guide to the Birds*—(Eastern Land and Water) seems to me the best aid to identification I have ever seen, and contains also a wealth of interesting natural history. There is a companion Peterson guide to Western birds.

Finally, to round out our shelf with yet another book distinguished by beautiful pictures, I most heartily recommend to all bird lovers Allen D. Cruickshank's *Wings in the Wilderness*. This volume contains 125 truly admirable photographs of American birds in their home environments, each accompanied by a brief descriptive and explanatory text. Among the photographs are some of the finest I have ever seen. This is a book which will give every bird lover endless enjoyment. The author is an official photographer and lecturer of the National Audubon Society, which also sponsors the Peterson *Field Guides* mentioned above.

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*Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:*  
*Canadian Spring*, Florence Page Jaques (Harper, \$3.50).—*Across the Wide Missouri*, Bernard De Voto (Houghton, Mifflin, \$10).—*The Overland Trail*, Jay Monaghan (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.75).—*Grass Roots History*, Theodore C. Blegen (University of Minnesota Press, \$3).—*Historic Midwest Houses*, John Drury (University of Minnesota Press, \$5).—*Country Life in America*, Edward Townsend Booth (Knopf, \$3.75).—*This Was Ever in My Dream*, Caroline B. King (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, \$3).—*How to Attract the Birds*, Robert S. Lemmon (Doubleday, \$1.50).—*A Field Guide to the Birds*, Roger Tory Peterson (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.50).—*Wings in the Wilderness*, Allan D. Cruickshank (Oxford University Press, \$6).



Alfred Jacob Miller, American artist who trekked to the fur country a century ago. Long-forgotten sketches he made appear in a new book *Across the Wide Missouri*, by Bernard De Voto.



Club President W. L. Johnson (right) and R. Manning, Rural-Urban Chairman of the Cookeville, Tenn., Rotary Club, pose with one of the prizes the Club gave in a conservation contest.



Sudbury, Ont., Canada, Rotarians recently engaged these three specialists to conduct a one-day orthopedic clinic. They examined 118 children in a day.



Meet the Kodiak Cub Scouts, sponsored by the Rotary Club of that Alaskan city. It is the farthest-west pack in America. But one year old, it numbers 59 members.



Cleveland, Ohio, Rotarians recently presented this bus to a rehabilitation center, to transport cripples. Club President Ernest S. Dowd (left) is making the presentation.



# Rotary Reporter

BRIEF ITEMS ON CLUB ACTIVITIES AROUND THE WORLD.

## Rangoon Gives Lads a Lift

A varied program has been announced by the Youth Committee of the Rotary Club of RANGOON, BURMA. It includes a one-day camp for about 50 boys from five different schools, an annual essay contest, an invitation to university and high-school students to attend selected meetings of the Club, and classification talks by members for the benefit of college students. . . . Arrangements have been completed for a survey of the health, sanitation, education, and communication requirements of a near-by village the Club has decided to "adopt."

## 'Reading' Linked to Reading

When a Past President of the Rotary Club of READING, ENGLAND, visited the Rotary Club of READING, PA., recently, he presented it with a flag of his Club, a gesture which strengthened the link between the namesake Clubs. A letter of appreciation sent to the English Club reminded that the Pennsylvania Club's clock had been given to it in 1931 by the Mayor of Reading, England. It was made from an old oak beam taken from St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

## Health Notes from around World

Rotary Clubs continue to work toward improved health conditions. More than \$1,000 was realized recently, for instance, when Rotarians of HANOVER, ONT., CANADA, distributed special appeal letters with the tubercu-

losis seals mailed to residents of their community. . . . The Rotary Club recently held a buffet supper and show for the benefit of its Tuberculosis Clinic Fund (which now exceeds \$41,000). . . . Rotarians of ALLAHABAD, INDIA, have contributed more than 1,500 rupees toward the purchase of medicine, utensils, and other requirements for refugees. They also have aided their ladies in the collection of clothing for distribution among needy refugees.

## Another 15 Celebrate

Silver anniversaries will be held by 15 more Rotary Clubs during the month of April. Congratulations to them! They are Holdenville, Okla.; Las Vegas, Nev.; Benton-Bauxite, Ark.; Clinton, S. C.; Columbiana, Ohio; Russellville, Ky.; Alva, Okla.; Marion, Ill.; Eagle Lake, Tex.; Titusville, Fla.; Christiansburg-Blacksburg, Va.; Inglewood, Calif.; Beaver Dam, Wis.; Union, S. C.; Roselle-Roselle Park, N. J.

## Laugh, Town, Laugh!

Among recent activities which have attracted community-wide attention to the Rotary Club of LEWISTON, IDAHO, was sponsorship of three presentations of Gilbert and Sullivan light operas by a comic-opera company. . . . Late in November the Club sponsored a church overseas relief drive in north-central Idaho and southeastern Washington.

## 'HCL' Goes Up for the FFA

WAUKESHA, WIS., Rotarians recently put the high cost of living to shame when they bid as high as \$5 a pound for fresh frozen chicken. This is how it happened: An auction was held in the interest of the local chapter of the Future Farmers of America, and \$151 was raised to further its projects at the WAUKESHA High School.

## Food Parcels Still Pour In!

On and on go the parcels of food and clothing for less fortunate peoples in other lands. The 43-member Club in POCAHONTAS, ARK., recently dispatched 15 boxes of heavy clothing, to be distributed among four Clubs in The Netherlands. . . . As GALIPOLIS, OHIO, was founded in 1790 by a colony of Frenchmen, the GALLIPOLIS Rotary Club has taken steps to "adopt" a town in France, with the idea of sending needed food and clothing. . . . Located in the "rice bowl" of California, the Rotary Club of BIGGS, CALIF., recently conducted a campaign to raise \$8,000, which would send a carload of rice to the hungry overseas.

A woman in MEDIA, PA., wanted to send gifts to families in MORDEN, ENGLAND, but, upon investigation, found that there were more deserving families in that bombed-out city than she and all

her friends could provide for. Therefore she approached the MEDIA Rotary Club, and found ready coöperation. The idea caught on so completely that other groups pitched in, too, including the Rotary Clubs of CHESTER, CHESTER PIKE, CLIFTON-ALDAN, SPRINGFIELD, DARBY-LANS-DOWNE, SWARTHMORE, and UPPER DARBY, as well as other civic and religious organizations. The Rotary Club of MORDEN coöperated by distributing the gifts to approximately 535 families.

As the result of a whirlwind campaign in which school children and others in the community helped, the Rotary Club of KALISPELL, MONT., was able to send 187 boxes of Winter clothing to Finland, where they were distributed by Rotarians. There was clothing enough to help approximately 1,000 persons. . . . LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, Rotarians recently distributed parcels to the deserving in their community—the gifts of Rotarians in EDMONTON, ALTA., CANADA.

#### Kids Follow the 'Follies'

BEDFORD, OHIO, Rotarians recently accompanied 13 crippled children to a showing of the "Ice Follies" in the arena in CLEVELAND. They were in the background when some of the performers greeted their young guests.

#### You Can Guess This Climax

Although the Rotary Club of VICKSBURG, MICH., was leading its District in attendance at the time, it accepted an attendance-contest challenge issued by its "baby Club" in CLIMAX, MICH., several months ago. The understanding was that the losing Club would provide treats and a program for the winner. Both Clubs had perfect attendance for 12 meetings—and then VICKSBURG lost when one of its members was hospitalized.

#### Stars and Cards Help Tell Story

Various devices have been used by Rotary Clubs to stimulate attendance. The DEERFIELD-NORTHBROOK, ILL., Rotary Club, for example, adds a silver star to the member's badge for each year of perfect attendance, and a gold star for five years. . . . Continuous-attendance record cards are signed by the Attendance Committee of the Rotary Club of SOUTH GATE, CALIF., and presented to members who qualify for them. . . . A "Holton 100 Percent Attender's Club" has been formed by the Rotary Club of MANHATTAN, KANS., to honor a member whose perfect mark exceeds 28 years. He recently presented framable certificates to all members having an unbroken record for the preceding six months.

#### 26 More Clubs on the Roster

Congratulations are due 26 more Rotary Clubs (including two readmitted) which have recently been added to the roster of Rotary International. They are (with sponsors in parentheses) Willis (Huntsville), Tex.; Delray Beach (Boynton Beach), Fla.; Gul-gong (Mudgee), Australia; Kromeriz, Czechoslovakia (readmitted); Westland (Delft), The Netherlands; Bethel (Ran-



Rotarians placed 29,616 cans of food worth \$5,000 in this car, one of two which were filled in Medford, Oregon, and destined for the hungry of Central Europe.



YMCA members in Metuchen, N. J., have an up-to-the-minute attraction these days—a brand-new television set, given by local Rotarians. Here Club President Dr. Carlyle Morris (center) makes the presentation to the "Y" President, Ken Merrell.



After a general reconditioning this one-time naval landing craft will be put back in service—rather at the service of the Sea Scouts sponsored by the Rotary Club of Torrance, California. Scouts and Rotarians are working together on the project.



Five charter members of the Rotary Club of Huntsville, Texas, recently received certificates commemorating 25 years of service from Past District Governor J. Roy Wells (third from right). All 18 living Past Club Presidents witnessed the event.





Photo: Barnett

Rotarians of Fort Smith, Ark., are shown inspecting some of the 80 packages which they recently dispatched to the Rotary Club of Bradford, England, for distribution.



Photo: © Baird & Hamilton

Rutherglen, Scotland, Rotarians cut up 1,600 pounds of edible fats sent them by Taumarunui, New Zealand, Rotarians. It was then repackaged, given to the aged.



When his 4-H future loomed blackest, after fire had killed his calf, Bob Eckert (left), of Lompoc, Calif., received a new one—an Angus—from the local Rotary Club. Here Club President Henry M. Hellekson (at Bob's left) and others admire it.

dolph), Vt.; Grindsted (Vejle), Denmark; Osterbro (Copenhagen), Denmark; St. Brieuc, France (readmitted); Tamworth, England; Franklin (Nashville), Tenn.; Ganado (Edna), Tex.; Forfar, Scotland; Pierre-Fort Pierre (Huron), So. Dak.; Elmer (Glassboro), N. J.; Belvedere (East Los Angeles), Calif.

Babahoyo (Guayaquil), Ecuador; Holyhead, Wales; Keystone Heights (Green Cove Springs), Fla.; Healdsburg, Guerneville, Calif.; Campbell (Santa Clara), Calif.; Le Sueur (Mankato and St. Peter), Minn.; Runge (Kenedy), Tex.; Kona (Hilo), Hawaii; Linden (Demopolis), Ala.; Plainfield (Danielson), Conn.

#### Club Studies Atomic Energy

High on the list of Rotary Clubs directing attention to the problems of atomic energy is that of PRINCETON, N. J. It recently held a four-meeting series on "Atomic Energy—What It Means to You." Programs dealt with the legislative aspect, sources of power, a world citizen in the Atomic Age, and what atomic energy means to the individual.

#### Esperantists Fêted in Bern

Twelve Rotarians from different countries who attended the recent international Esperantist Congress in BERN, SWITZERLAND, accepted the invitation of the local Rotary Club to attend its meeting. Several talks were given, in both Esperanto and German, stressing the necessity of a universal language. A DUNSTABLE, ENGLAND, Rotarian presented the host Club with a plastic shield commemorating the Congress.

#### Hog and Bull Play Star Roles

Several weeks after the Rotary Club of STOCKTON, CALIF., had a prize hog in a crate as a "guest," the hog returned in the shape of cured hams, bacon, etc., and the members vied with one another for its purchase—through a "Dutch" auction. The Club realized \$335, the profits going to its Crippled-Children Fund. . . . A recent meeting of the Rotary Club of WASHINGTON, IND., was enlivened when the members presented their President with a young bull—which gave Club wits and wags a field day.

#### Forge New Links in World Chain

Most Rotary Clubs are interested in matters international. The MARTINSBURG, W. VA., Club, for example, has revealed its interest anew with a new radio-program project. Each member has been given a certain country to study, and each week one of them gives a quarter-hour talk on that nation over a local radio station. . . . LA GRANGE, KY., Rotarians sponsored a roundtable discussion by five natives of other nations who gave their impressions of the United States, compared its way of life with that in their own lands, etc. . . . Members of the Rotary Club of CLARKSTON, WASH., are taking care of a family in Italy, sending regular shipments of clothing as well as other help.

... GLENVIEW, ILL., Rotarians are planning to buy and ship a heifer to Europe so that it might aid in the critical food shortage—providing milk for ten children. . . . When a PARAGUASSU, BRAZIL, Rotarian recently visited the Rotary Club of CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., he presented the host Club with a Brazilian flag. In turn, he was given a United States flag for his home Club.

#### Duck and Dollars Make Sun Shine

The Sunshine Fund of the Rotary Club of HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA, benefited nicely as the result of a spirited auction held at a recent meeting. Paying nearly \$5 per pound, the successful bidder had an unopened box "knocked down" to him. He was surprised to discover he had purchased a somewhat bedraggled duck, which was still full of quacks.

#### Bucyrus Circles Rotary World

Although they are staying close to the office and home, members of the Rotary Club of BUCYRUS, OHIO, are currently engaged in a trip around the world. Divided into teams for an attendance contest, each member present at a meeting advances his team 100 miles on the prescribed route. If he misses and makes up, he doubles that distance. Letters are written to the Club at which the team "stops" each week—each letter boosting the team along another 100 miles. If the "visited" Club replies, telling something about its community, Club, etc., the team's ticket is good for another 200-mile ride. An international party is planned as a climax, with the program, decorations, and menu based upon the last "stops" of three of the teams.

#### Village Adopted by Ahmedabad

When Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay, was recently a guest of the Rotary Club of AHMEDABAD, INDIA, he was pleased to hear a review of the activities of that Club during its 11 years. Among other things, he learned that the Club had published a guidebook for the city, had "adopted" a near-by village and collected 5,000 rupees toward establishing a charitable dispensary there, had sponsored a free medical scheme for middle-class persons, had assisted more than 100 students to meet their college expenses, etc.

#### Wheel Neonized and Motorized

A "vitalized" Rotary wheel is being erected by the Rotary Club of MURFREESBORO, N. C., in the courthouse square of its town. It is a Neon-lighted, motor-driven, revolving Rotary wheel.

#### Charleston to Share Speakers

A believer in acquaintance, the Rotary Club of CHARLESTON, S. C., has formed a speaker's bureau and notified surrounding Rotary Clubs that it will provide speakers on Rotary subjects. The Club's Directors felt that by this means they could bring Clubs of their own section closer together—which would be [Continued on page 56]



Soledad, Calif., Rotarians will not forget their visit to a local prison. Wearing numbers, they dined and were taken on an inspection tour of the prison craft shops.



Youngsters in Red Bank, N. J., find happy entertainment these days at the YMCA and the branch "Y," where local Rotarians have provided television sets. It is not uncommon to count from 40 to 50 happy youths thronging around the units.



Rotarians of St. Ives, England, receive 147 food parcels for distribution—gifts from Pensacola, Florida, Rotarians. Pensacola Rotarian Braden Ball gave 90 members \$5.00 each, telling them to invest it. The next week it had increased to \$1,470.00.



Members of the International Service Committee of the Rotary Club of Corning, New York, are shown preparing some of the 81 boxes of food and clothing which they recently dispatched to Stretford, England. Rotarians there made distribution.



President Norman E. Polk, of the Potomac City, Md., Rotary Club, presents a cup to G. M. Walters (right) to mark his 25-year attendance record.



Consul General Duran-Ballan (left), of Ecuador, pins his country's Order of Merit on James H. Roth (see item).



R. E. Tope (right) presents a gold lapel button to Thomas H. Wand for 25 years of perfect attendance with the Rotary Club of Paonia, Colo.



None is in the fruit business, but all belong to the Edwardsville, Ill., Rotary Club. Left to right are the Fruit brothers: Clyde, Roy, and Maurice.

# Scratchpaddings

WHAT ROTARIANS ARE DOING.

**ROTARIAN CUPIDS.** Thanks to prompt service given by the Rotary Club of Jamestown, No. Dak., wedding bells rang recently for a North Dakota-born girl now living in Belgium. For two years PAULA ALICE OPSOMER attempted through Jamestown authorities to obtain a copy of her birth certificate needed for her nuptials. Finally she appealed to the Rotary Club of Courtrai, Belgium, and one of its members, GENTIL DESCHEEMAER, wrote to PETER J. SCHIRBER, President of the Jamestown Rotary Club, about it. Nine days later a copy of the birth certificate was on its way to Belgium along with a draft for \$10 from Jamestown Rotarians. The latter was delivered by ROTARIAN DESCHEEMAER as a gift to the happy bride on her wedding day.

**More Schooling.** A great expansion of educational facilities for all people in the United States from before 6 to after 60 is advocated by an American Association of School Administrators commission whose chairman was HEROLD C. HUNT, a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill., and general superintendent of Chicago schools. The program, which would set annual educational costs at about 8 billion dollars, stresses education for young children starting with 3-year-olds, adolescents not now in school, older youths and adults, and exceptional children of all ages. Other Rotarians associated with Dr. HUNT, who is also president of the Association, in preparing the report included GEORGE W. BOWMAN, of Kent, Ohio; BOYCE M. GRIER, of Athens, Ga.; LAWRENCE B. PERKINS, of Chicago; and TERRY WICKHAM, of Hamilton, Ohio.

**High-Flying Ice Cream.** Add ice cream to the list of perishables being flown to consumers. Recently CLINTON P. ANDERSON, U. S. Secretary of Agriculture and Past President of Rotary International, received a special ice-cream cake from ELI N. HERSHEY, a Harrisburg, Pa., Rotarian. SECRETARY ANDERSON placed the ice cream on a high-altitude plane and flew with it 3,000 miles to his home in Albuquerque, N. Mex. There he served it to friends and guests.

**Mountain People.** It's not likely that members of the family of JOHN H. HAUBERG, a Rock Island, Ill., Rotarian, ever will explore a range of mountains named in their honor. Located in Antarctica, the mountains were officially titled the CATHERINE HAUBERG SWEENEY Range by COMMANDER FINN RONNE, of Washington, D. C., an explorer with the ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD expedition in Little America. The highest of these peaks was named Mount Hauberg. ROTARIAN HAUBERG explains that his daughter, MRS. SWEENEY, often entertained the

RONNE family in Washington. COMMANDER RONNE had promised the HAUBERG family that should a mountain range be found in the polar area, it would carry their name.

**Baseballer.** One of organized baseball's top-ranking leaders is HERMAN D. WHITE, President of the Rotary Club of Eau Claire, Wis., who recently retired as head of the Wisconsin State League. At a recent banquet in his honor he was given a wrist watch and scroll. ROTARIAN WHITE, a machinery manufacturer, is chairman of the executive committee of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues.

**Contest.** For the 11th year artists and students in the United States are competing for prizes offered by the McCandlish Lithograph Corporation, whose head is A. ROY MCCANDLISH, a member of the Rotary Club of Philadelphia, Pa. Prizes totalling \$5,000 are being offered for the best poster designs featuring the subject "America, the Land of Freedom and Opportunity."

**Decorated.** JAMES H. ROTH, who served Rotary as Special Commissioner in Spain, Portugal, and Central and South America from 1925 to 1942, recently received the rank of Officer of the Order of Merit of the Republic of Ecuador. The presentation was made at a meeting of the Rotary Club of New York, N. Y., by CLEMENTE DURAN-BALLAN, Consul General of Ecuador in New York and a Past President of the Rotary Club of Salinas, Ecuador (see cut). ROTARIAN DURAN-BALLAN explained the award was made "at the request of the Rotary Club of Quito, in appreciation of all that JIM ROTH has done, both during the time he served his country in Ecuador and in having brought Rotary there." ROTARIAN ROTH is the executive secretary of the American Brazilian Association in New York City. For his work in this capacity he recently received a decoration from the Republic of Brazil.

**For the Records.** Rotarians in Linköping, Sweden, and Durham, England, "attended" meetings of Clubs in Queens Borough, N. Y., and Durham, N. C., via recordings recently. While a visitor at a Queens Borough Club meeting, GÖSTA BJÖRKMAN, of Linköping, made a wire recording of the program from the opening gong to the closing song. Special messages were given in English by PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR GUSTAV A. SCHWENK, of Scarsdale, N. Y., and in Swedish by OLAF I. WARING and HALFDAN HEBÖ, Queens Borough Rotarians. Rotarians in Durham, N. C., also recorded a program for the Rotary Club of Durham, England. Speaking at this time was M. EUGENE NEWSOM, President of Rotary



International in 1929-30 and a member of the Durham, N. C., Club, who stressed the value of international friendship. The famed Duke University double quartette sang two favorite U. S. numbers under the direction of ROTARIAN J. FOSTER BARNES. Just before the final song, CLUB PRESIDENT HERBERT J. HERRING addressed Wm. SHOWLER, President of the Durham, England, Club, as follows: "Each of the 136 Rotarians in this group . . . would have me express to you . . . the kinship we feel to you in Durham, England. . . . Our new Durham, through its Rotary Club, is happy, therefore, to greet your historic Durham, both sensitive to our rich heritage of a common past, cognizant of the urgency of our responsibility to do our part in breaking down the barriers which divide men and set them against each other to the peril of all."

**100 Percenter-Poet.** DR. J. VAN CHANDLER, Kingsville, Tex., Rotarian, enjoys a dual distinction. Not only has he a perfect Rotary attendance record dating back to 1923, when he became a charter member of the Kingsville Club, but in addition he recently published a book of poems, *Night Alone* (Kingsville Publishing Company, \$2). MRS. CHANDLER has been Club pianist during nearly all the 25 years.

**Ozark Vacation.** Wondering where to spend your vacation? LUI RING, Secretary of the Van Buren, Mo., Rotary Club, welcomes all Rotarians to his Ozark Vacation Park and Cave Spring Onyx Caverns. Recreation facilities, including swimming, fishing, and bridle paths, may be used without cost if a Rotary membership card is displayed.

**Long Arm of Short Wave.** What's a thousand or more miles between Rotarians? Nothing, according to JORGE FIDEL DURÓN, of Tegucigalpa, Honduras—provided a short-wave transmitter is close at hand. A veteran at using short wave to bridge great distances (see THE ROTARIAN for January, 1948, page 42), he and two fellow Tegucigalpa Rotarians recently spoke via radio to two Rotarians in Guayaquil, Ecuador: CESAR ANDRADE, a Past Director of Rotary International, and LUIS ALBERTO CORDOVEZ, a Past District Governor. Reception was perfect as they discussed Rotary business and Club activities for an hour. Arrangements were made by ROTARIANS DURÓN and CORDOVEZ to meet in Tegucigalpa, from where they will proceed to the District Conference in Arecibo, Puerto Rico. The radio interview was arranged by a brother-in-law of ROTARIAN DURÓN, KEN VITTETOE, Tegucigalpa Rotarian and operator of an amateur station, and JOHN and EDUARDO PITT, both Guayaquil Rotarians.

**Presidential Talks.** Recent meetings of the Rotary Club of Sacramento, Calif., have been featured by addresses by two Past Presidents of Rotary International, ALMON E. ROTH and CHARLES L. WHEELER, both of San Francisco, Calif., and by ROBERT GORDON SPROUL, president of the University of California, the largest uni-

versity in the United States. DR. SPROUL, a member of the Rotary Club of Beverly Hills, Calif., also addressed a recent joint meeting of the Rotary Clubs of West Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, and Santa Monica, Calif.

**Manpower.** High in the management of the California State Chamber of Commerce are a number of Rotarians. Its president is HARRY A. MITCHELL (at left in cut above), of San Francisco, a Past Governor of District 103, and its first vice-president is JAMES E. SHELTON (at right in cut), a Past President of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles. Regional vice-presidents include S. PARKER FRISSELLE, of Fresno; GEORGE G. POLLOCK, of Sacramento; and JOHN S. WATSON, of Petaluma. Among directors are CARL F. WENTE, of San Francisco, and ROBERT GORDON SPROUL and RAY B. WISER, both of Berkeley. WILLIAM SPARLING, of Los Angeles; PAUL FAIRCHILD, of Fresno; STEPHEN C. PAXTON, of Sacramento; EDWARD W. SIPE, of Stockton; and V. M. MOIR, of Santa Rosa, are district managers.

**Philatelist.** MANNEL HAHN, of Winnetka, Ill., head of the service section of THE ROTARIAN, has contributed an article on philately to *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* new four-volume history of the war decade. ROTARIAN HAHN is a Past Governor of District 147.

**Memphis Fund.** Rotarians of Memphis, Tenn., have raised more than \$6,500 for the Rotary International



They're top men in the California State Chamber of Commerce (also see item).

Foundation. The Memphis Club's contribution honors the memory of JAMES M. WALKER and LAWRENCE S. AKERS, who passed away several years ago. Both were Past International Directors and members of the Memphis Club.

**Ellas Hablan Español.** Three feminine students of Spanish—two from the University of Miami in Florida and the other from Mundelein College, near Chicago, Ill.—were recently awarded the Granda prize, a Peruvian silver work of art presented annually by GERMÁN GRANDA V., a member of the Rotary Club of Lima, Peru. ROTARIAN GRANDA, who is encouraging students in the United States to learn Spanish, has been giving the awards since 1944. (The above headline, if you need help, says merely: "They Speak Spanish.")

**Rug-ged Memorial.** An Oriental rug reputed to be the largest and one of the rarest and most valuable rugs in the world has been presented to the George

## These 33 Fathers and Sons Wear the Wheel

MOST sons aspire to a place in the community as important as that held by their fathers. That often includes filling "as big a pair of shoes" in the Rotary Club. Here are 17 sons (and their dads) who have realized that ambition:

(1) Earl B. Darrow, (2) Barton Darrow, (3) Robt. J. Darrow—all of Albuquerque, N. Mex.; (4) H. E. Thompson, (5) Dudley Thompson, (6) Tom L. Stanley, (7) Carroll Stanley—all of Redding, Calif.; (8) H. E. Warren, Sr., Lancaster, Pa.; (9) H. E. Warren, Jr., Homestead, Pa.; (10) P. W. Schenck, Sr., Greensboro, N.C.; (11) P. W. Schenck, Jr., Greensboro, N.C.; (12) P. G. Piggott, (13) G. J. Piggott, Chatham, Ont., Canada; (14) John T. Swanson, (15) J. T. Swanson, Jr., (16) Andrew J. Haire, (17) A. J. Haire, Jr., (18) C. S. Morris, (19) David C. Morris, (20) Charles Henricks, (21) C. Henricks, Jr., (22) J. J. Mariner, (23) J. W. Mariner, (24) R. Earl Whitaker, (25) R. Earl Whitaker, Jr., (26) John R. Shays, Jr., (27) Phillip R. Shays, (28) Louis E. Phipps, (29) Edward Allen Phipps, (30) Myron M. Barry, (31) Michael M. Barry, (32) L. P. Mahler, Jr., (33) L. P. Mahler, Jr., all of New York, N. Y.



Photos: (14) Foley; (17, 22, 29) Bachrach; (18) Conway; (16, 19) MacDonald

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Speaking without notes at a banquet celebrating his 100th birthday, the Reverend Charles W. Bailey entertained 275 members and guests of the Baldwin, Kans., Rotary Club with a humorous talk recently. A Civil War veteran and one-time Kansas cowboy, the Reverend Mr. Bailey is shown here flanked by his Rotarian sons, William A. Bailey, of Kansas City, Kans., and Herbert A. Bailey, of Hollywood, Calif.

Washington Masonic Memorial in Alexandria, Va., by SARKIS H. NAHIGIAN, a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill. Originally woven for the Shrine of Ali Rissa at Meshed in Eastern Persia, the rug is approximately 50 feet long and 30 feet wide and contains more than 54 million hand-tied knots.

**Unofficial Greeter.** More than 2,000 congratulatory letters to newly organized Rotary Clubs have been mailed during the years by AARON J. ARONSON, a Rochester, N. Y., Rotarian. In reply he has received letters from Clubs in 53 countries, seven Canadian Provinces, and 38 States of the United States. ROTARIAN ARONSON hopes to complete 18 years of perfect attendance in May.

**Historian.** When the Canadian, Tex., Rotary Club was organized in 1926, HARRY WILBUR started to keep track of all its happenings. Today the record consists of two large volumes containing all items of interest about the activities of members. Remarkable for its accuracy and completeness, the history is of especial interest to charter members.

**Prolific.** DR. N. N. DRACOULIDE, a member of the Rotary Club of Athens, Greece, recently published his 200th scientific treatise on "Psychoanalytical Interpretation of the Art."

**Three Generations.** When a little daughter arrived recently at the home of ROTARIAN ROBERT R. REEDY, she altered the grandfather-father-son-in-law combination of the Macomb, Ill., Rotary Club. L. F. GUMBART became a great-grandfather; his son, GEORGE C. GUMBART, was elevated to the rank of grandfather; and ROTARIAN REEDY, of course, is now in the father classification.

**Ties of Friendship.** Conceived as a humorous publicity stunt by ROTARIAN HARVEY W. MORLEY, editor of the Angola, Ind., *Herald*, a "neckties for Europe" campaign has mushroomed into a serious matter of large proportions. His half-joking appeal was publicized extensively in the United States and he

was deluged with thousands of cravats. Among them were an assortment from ACTOR ADOLPHE MENJOU and 600 ties from the Rotary Clubs of Butler and Kendallville, Ind. Then the British Broadcasting Corporation spread the report in Europe and ROTARIAN MORLEY began receiving letters from people in England and Germany pointing out that ties are needed greatly. Clothing coupons are so scarce that neckties fall into the luxury classification. ROTARIAN MORLEY feels the neckties will help to increase international goodwill and he is preparing to bundle off the ties.

**Simpatico at San Diego.** There was an international flavor to a Rotary meeting held in San Diego, Calif., recently. Addressed by S. KENDRICK GUERNSEY, President of Rotary International, it attracted 400 representatives of more than 50 California and Mexico Clubs.

**Silver Antelope.** DR. ARTHUR A. BLONDIN, Manchester, N. H., Rotarian, has received the Silver Antelope Award for distinguished service to the Boy Scout movement. He has served as president of the Daniel Webster Council and a regional executive committeeman.

**Rotarian Honors.** The bridge and iron works headed by ERWIN P. STUPP, of St. Louis, Mo., has been named by *American Business* magazine as one of the 209 best-managed companies in the United States. . . . DR. ROGER C. MEYER, of Okmulgee, Okla.; DR. HAROLD O. FITCH, of Bushnell, Ill.; and A. A. TATUM, Jr., of Clinton, Okla., recently received the Silver Beaver awards of the Boy Scouts of America. . . . WALTER A. ZAUGG, of Bowling Green, Ohio, a Past District Governor of Rotary International, recently was given a unanimous resolution of appreciation by fellow Bowling Green Rotarians for his work in behalf of the Wood County Crippled Children Society. He is president of the Ohio Society for Crippled Children and a member of the National Council of the Crippled Children Society. . . . PAUL F. SEMONIN, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., has been named head of his city's Real Estate Board.

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of customers, we are establishing new, exclusive distributorships in 42 states—each serving from 20,000 to 40,000 people. In line with our up-from-the-ranks policy, most assignments will go to men now in our organization. But there will be additional openings for a few aggressive men to make substantial earnings.

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## Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

in their camp he had many experiences in going on hunting parties and other raids. During the time he was initiated in one of the secret lodges or organization of young braves, in which he became a blood brother of the Crow tribe. The ceremony consisted in one of the members making a shallow cut across his wrist, drawing blood, the other members also drawing blood from their own wrists. The blood of all those present was then intermingled. The new member then swore, on the point of a knife, that he would come to the rescue of any brother in danger, even if he lost his own life in so doing. However, he had acquired a knowledge of the Crow language which was necessary in connection with the irrigation work.

In the Summer of 1893 some matters in connection with the purchase of a part of the Crow Reservation developed in Washington and Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith, under the Cleveland Administration, came to the Crow Agency to hold a council with the Crows. Aleck Greene was the official interpreter of this council and I was a spectator.

The Custer Battle Field was about two miles from the Crow Agency and in 1893 was in about the same condition as immediately after the battle in 1876.

There were no survivors of the battle, as Custer's force was entirely wiped out. The three Crow scouts—Curley, White Man Runs Him, and White Swan—with Custer evidently had a hunch of the coming disaster, quit the soldiers on the morning of the battle.

My information regarding the details of this battle came to me from an ex-soldier living at the Crow Agency at that time who was a member of the detail sent to bury the dead. His description of burying the dead soldiers was that the detail arrived on the battle field three days after the battle. The bodies were in such condition, on account of the Summer weather in June, that all it was possible to do was to shovel a shallow trench alongside each body, roll it over, and cover it, placing a stake at the head, identifying the soldier if possible. In many cases identification could not be made. This was many years before the Custer Battle Field became a national cemetery as it is now. Curly, White Man Runs Him, and White Swan all lived in our construction camp and I knew them well. I have pictures of each of them as well as a picture of Two

## Foundation Fund Passes \$850,000

The \$850,000 mark was surpassed late in February as contributions of 91 additional Rotary Clubs were added to the Paul Harris Memorial Fund of the Rotary Foundation. At that time 866 Clubs had contributed at the rate of \$10 or more per member. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership):

### ARGENTINA

Santiago del Estero (22).

### CANADA

Woodstock, Ont. (77); Raymond, Alta. (19).

### CHILE

Quilpué (32).

### INDIA

Jamshedpur (55).

### UNITED STATES

Wilmette, Ill. (68); Culver City, Calif. (66); Boulder City, Nev. (61); Edmond, Okla. (28); Preston, Idaho (54); Cumberland, Md. (79); Buffalo, N. Y. (456); Harrisburg [Houston], Tex. (75); Laramie, Wyo. (65); Whittier, Calif. (107); Hershey, Pa. (41); Forest Grove, Oreg. (44); Annapolis, Md. (59); Santa Cruz, Calif. (86); Nome, Alaska (28); Hagerstown, Md. (108); Stockton, Calif. (179); New Kensington, Pa. (58); Pueblo, Colo. (103); Farmingdale, N. Y. (42).

Houston Heights, Tex. (60); Port Huron, Mich. (77); Mechanicsburg, Pa. (49); Fairbanks, Alaska (54); White River Junction, Vt. (60); Manito, Ill. (19); Oceanside, Calif. (56);

Dodge City, Kans. (90); San Bruno, Calif. (20); Cape Girardeau, Mo. (69); Birmingham, Ala. (241); Snyder, Tex. (20); Longview, Tex. (81); Monrovia, Calif. (84); Aiken, S. C. (49); Centerville, Md. (27); Pratt, Kans. (65).

Middlebury, Vt. (42); Shreveport, La. (219); Tupper Lake, N. Y. (40); Rutherford, N. J. (44); Pleasantville, N. Y. (36); Liberal, Kans. (47); O'Fallon, Ill. (22); Warren, Ohio (119); Trenton, Mich. (45); Lorain, Ohio (81); Holtville, Calif. (40); Oakland, Calif. (349); St. George, Utah (23); Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. (28); Fort Myers, Fla. (79); Taft, Calif. (54).

Kingsville, Md. (30); Tarzana, Calif. (31); Beaumont, Tex. (267); Geneva, N. Y. (122); Sapulpa, Okla. (66); Eden-North Collins, N. Y. (26); Lakin, Kans. (25); Cranford, N. J. (47); Hillside, N. J. (37); Lake Mahopac-Carmel, N. Y. (41); Traverse City, Mich. (101); Sugar House [Salt Lake City], Utah (49); Downey, Calif. (66); Nacogdoches, Tex. (92); Rolla, Mo. (54); Bryan, Ohio (63); Walpole, Mass. (31).

Blair, Nebr. (32); Santa Clara, Calif. (45); Dominguez Area, Calif. (31); Fillmore, Calif. (68); Limestone, Me. (29); Daytona Beach, Fla. (99); Clinton, Mass. (40); Cedarville, Calif. (18); Conshohocken, Pa. (52); Desert Hot Springs, Calif. (22); Burbank, Calif. (65); Arlington, Va. (60); Petersburg, Va. (83); Fairbury, Nebr. (51); Scottville, Mich. (25).

### URUGUAY

Lascano (19).

Moons, chief of the Cheyenne Indians who participated with Sitting Bull, chief of the Sioux, who successfully wiped out the Custer command. My contact with Two Moons was at the time I was on the Cheyenne Reservation in connection with irrigation.

#### Two More Amerind Rotarians

Recalled by C. M. BLAIR, Past Service Secretary, Rotary Club Asheville, North Carolina

In commenting on *Meet White Man Runs Him*, which appeared in the January issue, Mrs. Grace Hoster, in a letter in *THE ROTARIAN* for February, refers to Blackfoot, Idaho, Rotarian Thomas K. Cosgrove, a Bannock-Shoshone Indian of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. I have known some of Rotarian Cosgrove's family and am glad to pay honor to him as a Rotarian. However, I have known at least two other American Indian [Amerind] Rotarians: Henry Roe Cloud, a Winnebago Indian who is now superintendent of the Umatilla Indian Reservation at Pendleton, Oregon, who was also a member of the Rotary Club of Wichita, Kansas; and Jarrett Blythe, chief of the Cherokee Indians in North Carolina, who is an active member of the Sylva, North Carolina, Rotary Club and has been for about six years. He was elected chief by his fellow tribesmen for four four-year terms—longer than anyone else has ever served. He is highly respected by his fellow Rotarians of Sylva, Bryson City, Waynesville, and Asheville, North Carolina, in which Clubs he is well known.

#### 'We're Adored, Men!'

Exclaims M. A. WESTFALL, Banker President, Rotary Club Ionia, Michigan

Rotary is a man's organization and should be kept so. It is, however, very sensitive to what the ladies think of it. Every now and then *THE ROTARIAN* reflects this sensitivity in an article presenting a woman's view on Rotary. There was *Here's Rotary through the Kitchen Door*, by Jeanette Terry, in the December issue, for instance. We want the goodwill of our ladies and I guess we have it. Why, we're even adored! I offer in evidence this bit of verse composed for a recent ladies' night in the Ionia Rotary Club by Mrs. Walter P. Hanson, wife of our garage member. (Yes, yes, I know that officially there's no such thing as a Rotary Ann, but—)

*In reply to your welcome,  
We Rotary Anns  
Were happy to leave  
Our pots and our pans.*

*We powdered and scented  
And used our best creams;  
We yanked at our stockings  
To straighten the seams.*

*We lowered our hems  
Three inches or more  
(You know, that new style  
That caused such a roar?)*

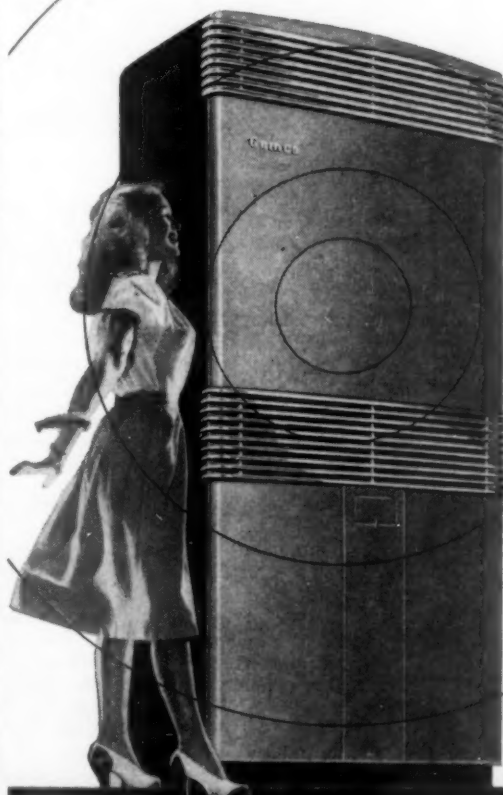
*And proudly we entered  
The temple's front door  
As guests for the night  
Of the men we adore.*

*Tomorrow we'll face  
Our old pots and pans,  
But tonight we are glad  
We are Rotary Anns!*

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KEY WEST, FLORIDA

## Orville Wright—First Man to Fly

[Continued from page 10]

A fashion designer was present, reports biographer Fred C. Kelly, and sensed that an outlandish skirt impeding locomotion would appeal to "customers who happened to be both stupid and rich." Thus was started the "hobble skirt."

Europe's interest in and enthusiasm for the Wright brothers' invention had no counterpart in the United States. Though they had repeatedly made planes available to the Army, the largest potential customer in America, it was not until after a brilliant demonstration in 1908 at Fort Myer, Virginia, just outside Washington, that "the brass" capitulated and placed an order.

Orville Wright has reason to remember that exhibition. A cracked propeller forced a crash landing in the final flight, and the passenger, Lieutenant Thomas Selfridge, was fatally injured. Mr. Wright was cut over his left eye and his left leg and four ribs were broken. Twelve years later X rays discovered overlooked hip injuries that had started sacroiliac trouble. To this day it causes great discomfort when he sits on an unpadded chair, which reduces his pleasure of and attendance at public functions. Though he became a member of the Rotary Club of Dayton in 1912, shortly after it started, he relinquished active membership in 1913 and accepted honorary status.

Extreme sensitivity to low vibration, caused by his 1908 injuries, has further limited his social orbit. Most automobiles and all trains set up a throbbing pain. It is so with ships; he hasn't been out of the United States since 1913.

"And planes?"

"They don't have a plane I can ride in comfort. Probably I shall never fly again."

He told how in 1939 he went up in the then new DC-4 and was painfully uncomfortable until he stood on his toes. The Constellation, out in 1944, was smoother—and that improvement suggests more to come. Future developments may enable Orville Wright to consort with the clouds again. He would like that, but he concedes that his piloting days are over.

"The last time I took up a plane was in May, 1918. I flew one of our 1911 models starting out alongside a DH-4, a French de Havilland model copied here. George Creel, who directed the U. S. wartime Committee on Public Information, arranged the event to show the progress of aviation."

"Progress from 1903 to 1918 has been dwarfed by developments since," I observed.

"Especially during the last war," he agreed. "When Wilbur and I started, we never dreamed of the wealth this country would have nor what would be spent on aviation. I am told it was the biggest industry in the world during the war."

"Did you and Wilbur ever think the machine you invented would be used for bombing?"

The smile that characteristically flitted over his face as he talked disappeared as he picked his words. They had conceived it principally for civil use, he said—for sports and exhibitions,

## The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

HAVE you covered this issue of *The Rotarian* from one cover to t'other? If so, you should be able to answer at least eight of these questions. Check your answers with those on page 59. If you "make it," you will qualify as a "Kiver-to-Kiver Klubber."

1. Where is King George's College located?  
Saltburn-by-the-Sea, England.  
Podebrady, Czechoslovakia.  
Savannah, Georgia.

2. Raymond Fisher likens himself to what?  
Mexican jumping bean.  
Father robin.  
Wise old owl.

3. In what year was Rotary's Convention held in Mexico City?  
1935. 1940. 1932. 1924.

4. Orville and Wilbur Wright's curiosity about flying was roused by:  
Darius Green's flying machine.  
Rubber-band powered helicopter.  
Desire for great wealth.

5. The debate-of-the-month concerns:  
World trade. Atomic energy.  
Europe's future. Price controls.

6. Who carried the message to Garcia?  
Elbert Hubbard. George H. Daniels.  
Mother Hubbard. Lieutenant Rowan.

7. Alfonso Caso describes the wonders found in Tomb No. 7 at Monte Alban. What people were buried there?  
Aztecs. Mixtecs.  
Mayans. Incas.

8. William F. McDermott does not mention one of these men:  
John D. Rockefeller, Sr.  
Ignace Jan Paderewski.  
George Washington.

9. What does W. A. Osborne suggest the traveller do?  
Write poetry about the sights.  
Seek out beauty and instruction.  
Find things to criticize.

10. The Scratchpad Man visited the new swimming pool in:  
Malone, N. Y. Graham, Tex.  
Nice, France. Drammen, Norway.



as balloons were used at county fairs—also for exploration. Back in the nineteen noughts interest in polar regions ran high, and the Wrights thought their plane might carry Peary or some other explorer to the North Pole.

"Yes, we thought it might have military use—but in reverse," Mr. Wright went on. "Because the men who start wars aren't the ones who do the fighting, we hoped that the possibility of dropping bombs on capital cities would deter them."

"That was idealism somewhat akin to Nobel's," I suggested. He believed the dynamite he manufactured would make war so catastrophic men would give it up. "The day when two army corps will be able to destroy each other in a second," he had said in 1892, "all civilized nations will recoil in horror and disband their armies." That day is here with push-button planes carrying atomic bombs, yet even at this hour men talk of World War III: What of that?

"WE TALKED and we thought that way too," Mr. Wright replied with great soberness. "We dared to hope we had invented something that would bring lasting peace to the earth. But we were wrong. We underestimated man's capacity to hate and to corrupt good means for an evil end. It is a deep disappointment that through the airplane one country can go around threatening others with a new instrument of destruction."

There are better ways, he believes, to create durable peace than through use of force, even in its sophisticated form known as "dollar diplomacy." He deeply feels that the best technique to "contain" communism is through having a better life to offer; if democracy and communism are permitted to live side by side, the better system will win out.

Definitely, Orville Wright is not a herd thinker. The originality that made him an inventor he applies to all questions of the day—social, political, economic. Sometimes he comes up with answers not shared by closest friends. But always his conclusions are colored by an idealism which recalls his boyhood in a parsonage: his father was the Reverend Milton Wright, bishop of the United Brethren Church. "All the money anyone needs," he used to tell his children, "is just enough to prevent one from being a burden on others."

Those words echo in Orville Wright's comment that "I believe in taking care of one's own, but one should have concern for others." He accepts Rotary's motto, "He Profits Most Who Serves Best," with the proviso that "serves best" must mean "serves unselfishly." He is pleased that "commercial backscratching," which he observed in Rotary's earliest days, has disappeared.

"I suppose you would say I am well-to-do," he continued, "but I am not

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And because it comes to you by mail, the Zenith "75" also saves you over \$100! If its price had to include "fitting," middlemen's profits and high sales commissions, this top quality hearing aid would have to sell for \$195, instead of \$75. So do as tens of thousands have already done. Order your Zenith "75" and find new happiness, new zest for living. You owe it to your family, friends and business associates. Use coupon below.



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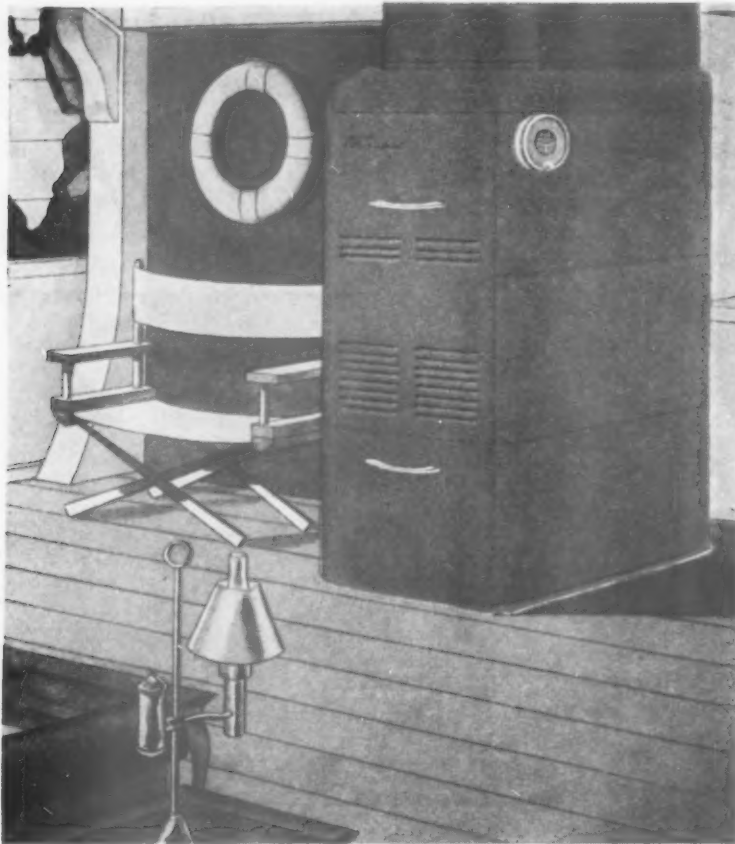
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C-25A



*"May I interrupt with a  
special news bulletin?"*

wealthy." And those words brought up a problem he has pondered deeply: the sharing of fruits of production. As for inventors, he feels they should be compensated on the basis of the usefulness to society of their creations, wherefore he believes that he profits unduly.

"Are you inventing now?" I asked.

He motioned across the hall where his efficient secretary, Miss Mabel Beck, who started with Wilbur in 1910, was at work before the old-fashioned roll-top desk that backed his own.

"I work there," he said, "and I have a drafting board and a shop."

"Do you tackle aviation problems?"

"Anything that interests me. When I was a boy, collecting tobacco tags was a hobby. Now it's work—but it's still for fun. I've always made my work my play."

When asked to be specific, he spoke of the split flap on the rear surface of wings. He had offered it to the Navy as early as 1922, but was rebuffed. Ten years later it was accepted with avidity for it enables a plane to dive sharply or land slowly.

"Did you patent it?"

"The Dayton-Wright Company—in which I am not financially interested—took one out for myself and assistant. But the papers carried a clause that assigned it to the company for 'one dollar and other valuable considerations'—and, really, I don't believe I ever got the dollar!"

A sly chuckle confirmed my suspicion that Mr. Wright considered this a good joke—yet not without an overload of meaning. This became clearer as he told of the 1907 Wright patent on the extension of the fuselage beyond the wings to prevent tail spins. An association of manufacturers wanted Orville Wright to sue Henry Ford for infringement, but he declined because Ford's entry into aviation gave it prestige and advanced the industry.

"What mechanical problems interest you now?"

His answer mentioned hydraulic drives, cipher machines—oh, yes, and automatic record players.

"I like music—that is, some music:

it's restful to have your favorite pieces played over and over. So I developed a machine to play both sides of a dozen or more records and to repeat indicated ones as many times as I desire."

That, I declared, was a machine I wanted. I'd look for an announcement in advertisements.

A mischievous look spread over his face. "I don't think you'll find it."

"Why?"

"It's not patented. It's not on the market. It's just something I worked out—for fun."

## 'We Knew Orville Wright'

Orville Wright was a man of abiding loyalties. His affection for Rotary was confirmed in lifelong friendship with many members of the Rotary Club of Dayton, Ohio, which he joined in 1912, its first year.

The appropriateness was indubitable, therefore, when, shortly after his passing, Rotarians of Dayton devoted a meeting to his memory. The eight speakers, whose intimacy with him ranged beyond the half-century mark, were Jesse B. Gilbert, honorary; Paul E. Ackerman, auto-club secretary; Frank R. Henry, grinding machines; Frank D. Slutz, educating counselling; Ezra M. Kuhns, past service (cash registers); George D. Antrim, ice-cream manufacturing;

Charles M. McLean, books retelling; and Selwyn D. Ruslander, clergyman.

Typical of the tributes are these words of Rotarian Frank D. Slutz:

"He was naturally unwilling to be interested in publicity. In these days when many individuals try to fling their achievements the length and breadth of the land, Orville Wright was graciously, inconspicuous. I like to think he had a 'reservoir of privacy.'

"One of the most gracious things about him was his ability to make his friends acquainted with each other. Many times he invited me to his home to meet the world-renowned personages who were visiting him. He was willing to remain in the background, gaining his greatest pleasure in the enjoyment of his guests. He was gracious beyond explanation.

"Orville Wright also had the ability to respect the dignity of youth. I have, on occasion, taken high-school boys to his laboratory to visit. Orville was most gracious in making the boys feel at home and explaining the various projects on which he was working. Although it is natural training for a boy to respect his elders, Orville's attitude always reflected the respect he held for them.

"The airplane is great, but Orville Wright is greater. So often we respect the product without a thought of the mind behind the product.

"If I were to phrase my impression of Orville Wright, I would say, 'Quiet dignity is the badge of his spirit.'"

**INCREDIBLE INVENTION NO. 4.** Like to help the Professor untangle some club problem? Send your problem to him in care of this magazine. If he uses it, you

will get \$5. (In case others submit the same idea, the first one received wins.) This month's winner is Rotarian Clifford Waterhouse of Jackson, Miss.

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Professor's assistant (A) promises light company he will pay bill. Company suddenly turns on electricity, which starts movie projector (B). Likeness of bulldog (C) so frightens cat (D) she loses weight, causing stone (E) to fall on horns of man (F). He falls backward, causing hypodermic needle (G) to give member a shot of cure. This loosens up member and he makes a big contribution to the Boy Scouts.

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## How you can help on Army Day—April 6



**Y**our organization has played an important part in building a new Regular Army. It is appropriate on Army Day, April 6, for your Army to report some of the results of your valuable co-operation in the past, and to outline plans for the future.

Since VJ Day, your Army has demobilized and rebuilt. It is now a 100% volunteer force—the largest in history. But still it is not up to the strength required to carry out the world-wide tasks given your Army by Congress.

In Japan, for example, your Army has the smallest occupation army per capita in modern history. In Europe, your forces are the smallest of the three major powers. Other Army men serve in India, Iceland, Alaska, Korea, British Guiana, Panama and on many islands in the Pacific and Caribbean.

At home, your Army trains men, furnishes supplies, builds for security and conducts research to help keep your defense ahead of the world.

To accomplish these goals with so few men calls for soldiers of higher caliber and greater efficiency than any peacetime army ever had. Only about half of the young men who volunteer can meet the Army's standards. Your continuing help is needed to get at least 21,000 acceptable volunteers a month.

If every unit in your organization sends one prospect to the Recruiting Station on Army Day, you will have performed an important community service.

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## Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,  
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS.

### 'What Do You Rotarians Do?'

BENJAMIN SALVOSA, *Rotarian  
President, Baguio Colleges  
Baguio, The Philippines*

"What do you Rotarians do besides eat together once a week?"

We fine ourselves to the teeth so the poor of Baguio may spend a Merry Christmas. We save the taxpayers of Baguio a lot of money by playing host to visiting dignitaries and prominent guests. We contribute regularly to a scholarship fund for deserving students. We get soaked every time a civic organization needs money for a worthy cause. Our Club utilizes its connections with 6,000 Rotary Clubs scattered in 70 different countries the world over to promote international understanding. All the other things we do cannot be set forth here due to space limitations.—*From the Baguio Midland Courier.*

### 'We Are Inter-dependent'

LEO E. GOLDEN, *President  
Eastern Motor Freight Conference  
Director, Rotary International  
Hartford, Connecticut*

"We are members of one another."  
We are *inter-dependent*.

Independent thinking and independent action are essential attributes of the American way of life—of the system of free enterprise—but

The right to act independently does not carry with it the right to cripple or destroy others.

We are inclined—all of us—to condemn the actions of others, but those actions, all too frequently, find their corollaries in our own individual actions in our own individual fields.

Would we help to make this world a better world? Then let us each, fearlessly and honestly, analyze our own standards of business conduct—the standards which we practice as a matter of habit—and raise those standards to a level to which all may repair.

Community conduct (national and international) will then reflect, as it now reflects, standards of conduct practiced by individuals in their individual undertakings.

Each of us can do something—in our own small niche—to lift to a higher level the commonly accepted standards of good conduct.

We are *inter-dependent*.

"We are members of one another."

### Recipe for a Delinquent

EDWARD STOCKHOLM, *Rotarian  
Owner, Stockholm Cleaners  
Wilshire, Los Angeles, California*

Take one boy of tender years, remove the ties of love, mix with parental neglect and bad company in equal parts, sift in a few smutty stories, add a dash of obscene movies and a measure of crummy literature. Allow these to soak in, then beat into a fury. Add a pinch of hate, crush with brute force,

add parental cussing. Shake well and then turn into the street to harden. Garnish with ungodliness and serve with six months in the reformatory or with some underestimating attitude of adults toward youth. G. B. Shaw reflected the unfortunate popular adult attitude toward youth when he said, "Youth is a remarkable experience; too bad it is wasted on the young."—*From The Ambassador of the Rotary Club of Wilshire, Los Angeles, California.*

#### Brotherhood Is the Answer

THOMAS McE. VICKERS, Rotarian  
Secretary-Treasurer  
Waldorf Manufacturing Company  
Syracuse, New York

Some time ago I came across an old hymn, one verse of which is so in harmony with Rotary's Fourth Object that it becomes a starting point from which to express my belief in the Rotary Foundation. This is the verse:

*Not for our land alone,  
But be God's mercy shown  
From shore to shore;  
And may the nations see  
That men should brothers be,  
And form one family,  
The wide world o'er.*

It comes to me that if we are to have peace in this troubled world, and not be plunged into another devastating conflict, more terrible than anything we have yet known, it must be through answer to that prayer that the nations may see the need for the brotherhood of men, and the use of every means for bringing it about.

#### Rotarians Must Lead

WM. EDWARD WIGGINS, Druggist  
Governor, Rotary District 141  
Pascagoula, Mississippi

We, as Rotarians, must lead the way in our country and the world prayerfully for peace and security for all peoples. Are you giving as much today for peace as you gave for this country in the days of the war? Let those who dare to ask themselves this question consider well what they can do while a second chance remains. Let us remember that Rotary has a tremendous responsibility of leadership. Our duty as leaders in our country does not stop within the class we associate with or live within. Whether we live in the top bracket of society or on the bottom shelf, we are all human beings with the same God, and we have the same desire for the things of life.—*From his Monthly Letter to District 141.*

#### Impressions

An organization may spread itself over the whole world—may employ one or 100,000 men—yet the average person will form his judgment of the institution through his contact with one individual. If a person is rude or inefficient, it will require a lot of courtesy and efficiency to overcome the bad impression. Every member of an organization who, in any capacity, comes into contact with the public is a salesman—the impression he makes is an advertisement good or bad.—*From the Rotary Elevator of the Rotary Club of Xenia, Ohio.*

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## Rotary Reporter

[Continued from page 43]

"a step in bringing all Rotarians, and all men, just that much more into the sphere of true brotherhood."

### Need 'Dough'? Try a Show!

A number of Rotary Clubs have successfully tried minstrel shows as a pleasant method of raising funds to promote favorite projects. During the past two years, for example, the MONTGOMERY, PA., Club has realized more than \$1,000 for use of the high-school band and for Halloween and Christmas parties for crippled and underprivileged youngsters of the community.

### 'Good Skates' Says Youth

Sports programs for youth? Rotary Clubs find many ways to stimulate them. For instance, the Rotary Club of GUNNISON, COLO., recently staged its annual ice carnival, providing radios as prizes for four of the best boy and girl skaters. More than 200 competed. . . . The Rotary Club of PATERSON, N. J., recently cooperated with the city's Chamber of Commerce in honoring local winners of the Silver Skates Derby held in Madison Square Garden. . . . It is still some weeks before the swimming season will open in AUBURN, MASS., but when it does, the local Rotary Club hopes to have its new pool and recreation center ready for use. The Club recently purchased nearly 2½ acres of land for that purpose, raising the funds through entertainments, an auction, and a carnival.

### Ad Is 'No. 1 of a Series'

Newspaper readers in SILVER SPRING, MD., were recently made aware of the rôle the local Rotary Club is playing in community development. A series of display advertisements, appearing over the name of a local bank, called attention to the town-hall programs sponsored by the Rotary Club and told of the good work the Club has done. The heading on the first "ad" declared: "It took men, dreams, and organizations like the Rotary Club to build Silver Spring."

### Blood Bank Pays Dividends

High-lighting Community Service activities of the Rotary Club of NUTLEY, N. J., during 1947 was a blood-bank project which paid off well in human helpfulness. The project was carried on for 11 months and then turned over to the county medical society, but only after successfully meeting 41 requests for blood. Only once did the bank "fail." That time the supply was at its lowest ebb, and a rare type was required.

### Nothing 'Phoney' About This

Mobile telephones are a mystery to most folks, but no longer are they to LYNWOOD, CALIF., Rotarians, for they witnessed an on-the-spot demonstration at a recent meeting. The voice they heard on the stage in their meeting room emanated from an automobile being driven about town.



Skaters enjoy their fun in comfort in Rimouski, Quebec, Canada, using this Rotary-given shelter, an old caboose.



Beckley, W. Va., Rotarians are broadcasting a series of programs explaining the United Nations. Club President T. G. McDowell is second from right.



Dimes—\$704 worth—were collected by Rotarians of Carmi, Illinois, recently to bolster the infantile-paralysis funds raised in their community. Here are some of the collectors—including Club President Dr. Edwin Stocke (at left).

Photo: Moore



Rotarians of Suffolk, Virginia, recently brought smiles to this crippled lad, a patient in the Club's clinic, when they presented him with a head-to-toe outfit of clothing. The next day he was given a bus pass for trips to school.



## Confidently Yours

[Continued from page 6]

are to receive no pay—only the incomparable opportunity to study the U. N. from the inside. With the consent of the Rotary Foundation Trustees, therefore, we notified the United Nations that Rotary would pay the living expenses of 20 of these young men. As a result, Rotary has been granted the unique privilege of nominating directly to the United Nations seven of its Foundation Fellows for inclusion in this program—these seven to be in addition to the 20 aforementioned. This special recognition given Rotary is most gratifying. Thus we have found one more means of carrying out the Board's determination to cooperate with the U. N.

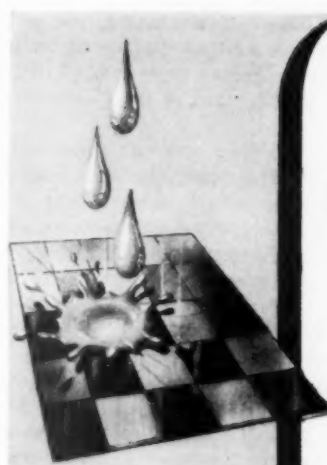
Merely to sit and listen in meetings of your international Board is to learn. Here is a man who knew the meaning firsthand of Nazi persecution; there a younger man who saw his nation under the boot of the Japanese war lord; and on that side of the table is a man who spent years of nights in bomb cellars while English homes and businesses took it above ground. And on every hand men who have brought their very best thinking, experience, and judgment to the Rotary table—their only recompense the knowledge that they have tried to make good Rotary better.

Many difficult administrative problems have come before our Board this year. One of these is the question: What kind of Convention should Rotary have? One suggestion is that in even years we hold Conventions for delegates only, with the customary type of Convention being held in the odd years, provided adequate meeting and hotel facilities can be located to care for the ever-increasing attendance.

AT SAN FRANCISCO last June we used more than 176 hotels in caring for the more than 15,000 attendance. For the New York Convention in 1949, 16,000 accommodations are already under contract. Fortunately New York can provide ample accommodations in first- and second-class hotels for all who may come, but there are few cities in the world that can house satisfactorily a Convention that exceeds 12,000.

The Board made no final decision on this matter, but in order to get the thinking of Rotarians everywhere, we have sent a report to all Rotary Clubs and have asked for opinions as to Conventions in alternate years composed of delegates only.

Closely allied to the above has been a proposal for a biennial plan of Rotary administration which its advocates believe would lessen the tempo and pressure in RI administration. We have studied this from all angles, but are not yet convinced that such a plan offers a



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final solution. Nevertheless, the plan will be given continued study after the Clubs have reported their views on the possible modification of the Convention setup.

While studying the administrative setup of RI, the Board also took note of the many special problems that are created by the natural expansion of Rotary, due to the return to Rotary membership of Clubs in war-torn areas as well as the constant establishment of new Clubs. During the war the District Governor system could not work to best advantage in some parts of the world. It is felt, however, that with the return of more normal conditions, when most if not all of the Governors-Nominee can attend the International Assembly, the District Governor system can be made to provide adequate Club supervision in all parts of the world. At the same time it has been recognized that all parts of the Rotary organization must have a means of direct expression and hence the Board has given the Advisory Committee system an added impetus by authorizing the establishment of the European, North African, and Eastern Mediterranean Advisory Committee.

The 1947 Convention directed the Board to study the method of nominating the President of Rotary International. With the help of the Committee on Rewriting the Constitutional Documents of RI, and of the Council of Past Presidents, the Board has prepared a report comparing the present method with three possible modifications of the plan. Comments are being invited and the Board will suggest to the 1948 Convention that a Committee be appointed to study this important matter and make recommendations to the 1949 Convention.

Our Board has been confronted with a serious financial problem brought about by three things: first, the fact that the per capita tax has not been increased since 1926; second, the freezing of funds in many countries subjecting

them to severe restrictions as to export; and, third, the additional cost of holding the 1948 Convention in Rio de Janeiro. These problems will receive careful attention by the Finance Committee and will have to be passed on to the incoming Board, but there is a possibility that U.S.A. dollar securities may have to be sold to obtain sufficient free-market money to operate the organization.\*

The above are but a few of the more important problems confronting this year's Board. I wish that every Rotarian could have sat in at the meetings when these matters were discussed. Would that every Rotarian might also have an opportunity to visit the Central Office and the Magazine Office of the Secretariat in Chicago or our offices in London, Zurich, or Bombay. These are service stations dedicated to service without thought of self. They do not make policy; they do help to carry it out. They continue year after year to help make effective the program of Rotary.

This is a great year for Edythe and me. We have travelled much, seen much. We have made thousands of friends. We have had our vision enlarged. We have seen Rotary at work. We have seen and gloried in the result of that work. We have noted statistics as to Rotary's growth, but have observed with greater interest the development of Rotary ideals in the hearts and minds of individuals.

The Rotary movement is tremendously important in these postwar years. We have seen it from the inside and can say confidently that it is successful and is of great value. That value is measured only by the sum total of the contributions of you and me and all the rest of our 310,000 Rotarians. I am convinced that the individual Rotarian around the world is doing a great job!

\* See THE ROTARIAN for May for a report relating to these matters by General Secretary Philip Lovejoy.

## Portuguese Lesson No. 9 . . . . . Conversation

*Note:* Practical suggestions on Portuguese pronunciation were given in Portuguese Lesson No. 1 in the August ROTARIAN, the first in a series of nine prepared by Henley C. Hill. The vowels are pronounced as follows a—ah—as in father; e—eh—as in fit; é—éh as in Ella; i—ee—as in police; o—oh—as in over; ó—aw—as in awful; u—oo—as in moon; y—ee—as in body.

How is the weather?  
*Que tempo faz?*  
Keh teh'm'-poh fahs?

The weather is good. The sun shines.  
*O tempo está bom. O sol brilha.*  
Oh teh'm'-poh ehs-tah' boh'm. Oh sawl bree'-lyah.

The weather is bad. It is raining.  
*O tempo está máo. Está chovendo.*  
Oh teh'm'-poh ehs-tah' mah'-oh. Ehs-tah' shoh-vehn'-doh.

It is cold. It is hot.  
*Faz frio. Faz calor.*  
Fahs free'-oh. Fahs cah-lohr'.

The sea is smooth . . . rough.  
*O mar está tranquilo . . . agitado.*  
Oh mahr ehs-tah' trahn-kwee'-loh . . . ah-jee-tah'-doh.

Are you enjoying your visit in Rio?  
*O senhor está gozando a sua visita ao Rio?*  
Oh seh-nyohr' ehs-tah' goh-zahn'-doh ah soo'-ah vee-zee'-tah ah'-oh hrree'-oh?

Yes, I never thought Rio was quite so beautiful.

*Sim, nunca pensei que o Rio fosse tão lindo.*

Seem, noon'-cah pehn-say' keh oh hrree'-oh foe'-seh tão leen'-doh.

I shall always remember your beautiful city and the charm of its inhabitants.

*Hei de lembrar-me sempre da sua linda cidade e da gentileza de seus habitantes.*

(H)ay deh lehm-brahr'-meh sehm'-preh dah soo'-ah leen'-dah cee-dah'-deh eh dah jehn-tee-leh'-zah deh seh'-oos ah-bee ah-bee-tahn'-tehs.

I particularly enjoyed the trip to the top of the Corcovado, where the statue of Christ stands.

*Gostei especialmente da excursão ao alto do Corcovado, onde está a estatua de Cristo.*

Gohs-tay' ehs-peh-see-ahl-mehn'-teh dah ehs-coor-são' ah'-oh ahl'-toh doh coh-coh-vah'-doh, ohn'-de ehs-tah' ah ehs-tah'-twa deh crees'-toh.

Yes, I have taken many photographs of scenic places.

*Sim, tirei muitas fotografias de lugares scênicos.*

Seem, tee-ray' mooy'-tahs foh-toh-grah-fee'-ahs deh loo-gah'-rehs ceh'-nee-cohs.

When you come to my country, you must come to see me.

*Quando o senhor vier para a minha terra, deve vir visitar-me.*

Kwahn'-do oh seh-nyohr' vee-ehr' pah'-rah ah mee'-nyah tehr'-rah, deh'-veh veer vee-zee-tahr'-meh.

Where is the Convention Post Office?

*Onde está o Correio da Convenção?*

Ohn'-deh ehs-tah' oh coh-ray'-oh dah cohn-vehn-são'?

How much is the regular postage? and the air mail postage?

*Quanto é o porte ordinario? e o porte pelo correio aéreo?*

Kwahn'-toh éh oh pohr'-teh ohr-dee-nah'-ryo? eh oh pohr'-teh peh'-loh coh-ray'-oh ah-éh'-ryo?

I want to mail these postal cards.

*Quero expedir estes cartões postais.*

Keh'-roh ehs-peh-deer' ehs'-tehs cahr-toes' pohs-tah'-ehs.

Can I mail this gift to a friend in the United States?

*Posso expedir este presente a um amigo nos Estados Unidos?*

Pohs'-soh ehs-peh-deer' ehs'-teh preh-zehn'-teh ah oom ah-mee'-goh nohs ehs-tah'-dohs oo-nee'-dohs?

#### Answers to Klub Quiz, Page 50

1. Podebrady, Czechoslovakia (page 31).
2. Father robin (page 27).
3. 1935 (page 16).
4. Rubber-band powered helicopter (page 8).
5. World trade (page 24).
6. Lieutenant Rowan (page 11).
7. Mixtcs (page 22).
8. George Washington (page 21).
9. Seek out beauty and instruction (page 17).
10. Malone, N. Y. (page 36).

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# Hobby Hitching Post

IT IS fun to fool some of the people some of the time, believes J. O. EMMERICH, editor and publisher of a daily newspaper in McComb, Mississippi, and a Past Rotary District Governor.

THE WHOLE idea started more than ten years ago when ROTARIAN EMMERICH was "taken in" by a storm story carried



Emmerich

in a near-by weekly publication. The item mentioned that a strange bird was blown up out of the Louisiana swamps. The description put it out of the known ornithological world.

He grabbed his camera—then noticed that the story carried an "April Fool" ending.

On every April 1 since that day his own paper has carried a film-flammer. But let EDITOR EMMERICH tell about them—which he does in the third person:

"Dear Mom," wrote a soldier in Iceland to his mother in Mississippi, "Yesterday I had the most remarkable experience of my life. When we came out of our barracks in the morning, we saw millions of little glasslike snakes. They covered the island. The old-timers here say they come every 20 years. They called them ice snakes and told us they were harmless. I picked one of them up off the shore and it cuddled affectionately in my hand as if it enjoyed the warmth of my body. The boys discovered that when we would stroke them, they would purr like a kitten. One fellow accidentally dropped one and it shattered like glass. I hoped to bring one home with me but this morning when we came out of the barracks, we discovered that they were all gone. . . . They departed into the sea as mysteriously as they came."

The soldier's letter appeared on the front page of the McComb *Enterprise-Journal* and there was a significant concluding paragraph.

"Mom," wrote the soldier, "if you note the date of your newspaper today, you will comprehend the reason behind these queer little ice snakes, for this is the April Fool's Day yarn of the *Enterprise-Journal* for the year 1942."

The 1943 story told of two county officials who were fishing in the Bogue Chitto River. Downstream about 100 yards they saw an amazing sight. A "midget submarine" lifted itself to the surface of the water. Two German officers got out, went to a near-by farm, robbed a smokehouse of provisions. It was speculated that the midget sub-

marines were working from a mother ship lying beneath the mouth of the Mississippi River and that through necessity these midgets had to live off the land as they travelled inward in the small tributaries. It was a ridiculous story, but people looked wild-eyed and believed it for a while and then laughed at their own gullibility.

It was hard to buy things in 1944, particularly refrigerators, radios, furniture, automobile tires, and the like. A classified advertisement in the *Enterprise-Journal* signed by Captain "Loof" Lirpa (April Fool spelled backward) told of the necessity of moving his family back home, as he was ordered overseas. Accordingly he offered a washing machine, electric refrigerator, radio, etc., for sale, saying he would sell to the highest bidder the following day. The editor's wife, seeing the proof of the story in the office, tried immediately to locate the captain so as to get the jump on the crowd.

Each April 1 the editor strives to create a story that is tied closely to current happenings. In 1946 people in and about McComb were much interested in growing azaleas. California and Florida have nothing on McCombites. On April 1 of that year an advertisement appeared in the *Enterprise-Journal* in which "a man from New England" agreed to give azalea plants away free to anyone who would agree to permit his bees to suck the nectar from azalea blooms.

He said that he had a travelling apiary with hundreds of hives and millions of bees on trucks which he would move up from Florida in early Spring, then to the Mississippi azalea land, and on back to New England for the Summer months. Subscribers didn't have to telephone for azalea plants, because the ad at the conclusion was tagged with the words "April Fool," which protected them from suffering too much inconvenience. . . . But there were many who read only half the ad and called in to place their orders for azaleas. Some subscribers were perturbed, wondering if the bees would sting their children.

In 1945 everyone was contemplating the postwar automobile with all its predicted and promised scientific improvements. The *Enterprise-Journal* on April 1 of that year published a telegram from the "Reconversion Authority" (one more governmental agency at that time didn't matter much). Announcement was made of the approaching showing of "The Eisenhower," the new postwar automobile which was to be exhibited aboard a railroad car between trains.

The car was described as being made of a new synthetic steel, a transparent substance known as "crystaline." Tubes



permeated the body of the car and the color was determined by liquids pumped into these tubes through the power of the exhaust. Within the time of 60 seconds the old liquid could be drained out under pressure and a new liquid (14 ounces costing 40 cents and emptied into an opening on the dash) could be pumped into these tubes, thus giving milady a color of automobile to match the frock she happened to be wearing. Sounds fantastic, it is true, but the newspaper readers fell for it, and responded with good sportsmanship when they recognized that it was the newspaper's one-time-of-the-year yarn aimed at subscribers.

One April 1 story told of Joe Louis being knocked out in a private scrap. It was a news story, with all the spectacular embellishments. Mississippi people believed it and Mississippians are no different from people of other States. Even in Louisiana where the *Enterprise-Journal* is circulated (18 miles south and over the line), there were favorable reactions.

Now, some cynic may think that a newspaper cannot maintain much standing and still tolerate such a prank. Well, the stunt has been endured for more than a decade and the paper's circulation and advertising have grown with every year. This may be one of the advantages of belonging to that human branch of newspaperdom known as "country journalism."

### What's Your Hobby?

Perhaps you would like to share it with someone else. Then drop a line to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM, and one of these months you will find your name listed below. You must, however, be a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, and you should acknowledge any correspondence which the listing sends your way.

**Stamps:** Elizabeth du Toir (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange), 340 Drew Ave., Howick Natal, South Africa.

**Goblets:** Mrs. Putnam Bicknell (wife of Rotarian—collects old goblets; will exchange), 66 Beech St., Rockland, Me., U.S.A.

**Stamps; Coins; Pictures:** Emiliano R. Balocating (would like to correspond with Rotarians throughout the world and ex-

change coins, stamps, pictures), Philippine National Bank, Baguio City, The Philippines.

**Stamps:** Stephen Martens (12-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps and match folders; will exchange), 317 Grant Ave., Highland Park, N. J., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Buzz Alexander (9-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange), 1025 Mohawk Rd., Wilmette, Ill., U.S.A.

**Orchids:** Mrs. James H. Turner (wife of Rotarian—would like to correspond with anyone interested in raising orchids as a hobby), 730 Corona St., San Antonio, Tex., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Mrs. Percy Carter (wife of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange), 101 Devonport Rd., Tauranga, New Zealand.

**Stamps:** Ghislaine Godbout (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange), P. O. Box 535, Amos, Que., Canada.

**Pen Pals:** The hobby interests of these persons have been reported as "pen pals":

Molly Mayo (20-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in acting, dancing, fencing; would like to correspond with the son or daughter of a Rotarian in the U.S.A.), "Estonil," Ancroft Ave., North Shields, England.

Shirley Sunderland (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people interested in music, books, sports), Centennial Ave., Alexandra, New Zealand.

Angelita M. Balocating (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with daughters of Rotarians; interested in stamp collecting, music, photography), Philippine National Bank, Baguio City, The Philippines.

Willia Jane Alexander (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals interested in art and postcards), 1025 Mohawk Rd., Wilmette, Ill., U.S.A.

Yvette da Costa (22-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals interested in literature, writing, drawing, painting, music, dramatics, stamps, coins), "Chateau d'Emilia," Nagpur, India.

Bonnie Lou Baumgarten (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals aged 14-18; interested in rink roller skating, dogs, birds), Box 77, New Haven Hotel, New Haven, Mich., U.S.A.

Jacqueline Lacasse (daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond in French or English with students in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; will exchange stamps or postcards if desired), 30 Maple Ave., Quebec, Que., Canada.

Michael James (15-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes pen pals of same age in U.S.A.), 14, Station Rd., Sunbury-on-Thames, England.


Jean Bartrug (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys and girls same age or older in Australia, New Zealand, The Netherlands, France, Scandinavian countries; interested in music, travel, books, sports, miniature vases), 321 Park Ave., Iowa Falls, Iowa, U.S.A.

Marie Hill (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with young people overseas interested in stamp collecting, photography, music), Town Hall, Casterton, Australia.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



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# Stripped Gears



## My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to **Stripped Gears**, **THE ROTARIAN** Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. Following is a favorite of Mrs. J. P. Hertel, wife of an Ithaca, New York, Rotarian.

Little Anne had been exceedingly naughty and her parents decided that she should be punished. The misdeed had been committed before the dinner hour, so Mother placed a card table in one corner of the dining room, and Anne had to sit there and eat alone, while the rest of the family and their guests were at the big table. When everyone was seated, Father bowed his head and gave thanks.

The room was very quiet for a moment. Then Anne gravely bowed her head and said, "Thank you, dear Lord, for preparing a table before me in the presence of my enemies. Amen."

## Gadget

The home of tomorrow  
By hook or by crook,  
Ought to include  
A built-in cook!

—MAY RICHSTONE

## Operatic Title Matches

The title of a well-known opera by a great composer can be determined by matching the names in the left-hand column with those in the right:

- |             |     |                |
|-------------|-----|----------------|
| 1. Czar     | and | (a) Bluebird.  |
| 2. Cox      | "   | (b) Helena.    |
| 3. Porgy    | "   | (c) Peasant.   |
| 4. Hänsel   | "   | (d) Eurydice.  |
| 5. Philemon | "   | (e) Carpenter. |
| 6. Poet     | "   | (f) Delilah.   |
| 7. Paris    | "   | (g) Melisande. |
| 8. Ariane   | "   | (h) Gretel.    |
| 9. Orpheus  | "   | (i) Isolde.    |
| 10. Pelleas | "   | (j) Baucis.    |
| 11. Tristan | "   | (k) Box.       |
| 12. Samson  | "   | (l) Bess.      |

This puzzle was submitted by Gerard Mosler, of Forest Hills, Long Island.

## Numerical Nuances

We all know that a solo, duet, trio, and quartette refer to one, two, three, or four, respectively. The following numerical prefixes, however, are not so well known. Can you combine the word in the first column with the correct definition in the second column?

Ter . . . tri . . . three

- |            |                          |
|------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Tercet. | (a) Government by three. |
|------------|--------------------------|

- |                  |                                  |
|------------------|----------------------------------|
| 2. Tercentenary. | (b) Consisting of three letters. |
| 3. Triarchy.     | (c) Three lines of poetry.       |
| 4. Trilateral.   | (d) Having three sides.          |
| 5. Trigonal.     | (e) 300th anniversary.           |

• • •

Qua . . . tetra . . . four

- |                  |                                  |
|------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Quadrant.     | (a) Dance for four couples.      |
| 2. Quadrumanous. | (b) Act of squaring.             |
| 3. Quadrille.    | (c) One-fourth of a circle.      |
| 4. Tetrach.      | (d) One of four rulers.          |
| 5. Quadrature.   | (e) Four-handed animal (monkey). |

This puzzle was submitted by P. H. D. Sheridan, of Jackson, Michigan.

The answers to these puzzles will be found on the following page.

## Lines to a Merchant

You may be often out of this  
And also out of that.  
You may not have my dentifrice,  
My size in shoe or hat.

But if you'd keep this customer,  
Despite these voids and shorts,  
I'm warning you, let me, dear sir,  
Not you, get out of sorts.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

## Twice Told Tales

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

## Merely a Threat

Father: "Git yer jacket aff, young mon, an' come wi' me."

Jock: "Yer no goin' to lick me, are you, Father?"

Father: "I am that! Didn't I tell yer this morning that I'd settle wi' yer fer bad behavior?"

Jock: "Ay, but I thought it was only a joke, like whin ye telt the grocer ye'd settle wi' him."—*The Nairator*, PELHAM, GEORGIA.

## Suspicious

Conscientious citizen: "I couldn't serve as a juror, Judge. One look at that fellow convinces me he's guilty."

Judge: "Sh-sh! That's the district attorney."—*The Rotarctic*, FAIRBANKS, ALASKA.

## Perfect Cooperation

For several months a jeweler had noticed a man stopping outside his window each morning to check his watch with the jeweler's clock. One morning



the jeweler said to him, "I have noticed you stopping here every morning to check your watch and I'm glad that I can be of some service to you."

"I'm the engineer over at the iron works," the man replied. "I blow the whistle by my watch, which I check every morning with your clock before I go to work."

"That's a good one on both of us!" exclaimed the jeweler, "for I set my clock with your whistle."—Submitted by Homer Bradley Miller, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

#### No Wasted Words

"I am a woman of few words," said the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, I mean 'come.'"

"I am a woman of few words, too," replied the maid. "If I shake my head, I mean I ain't comin'."—The Safer Way.

#### Covered Up

"Poor man, he was ruined by untold wealth."

"How?"

"He didn't tell about it in his income-tax report."—The Wheel of Fortune, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

#### All Depends

The rest of your days depends on the rest of your nights.—The Rotary Bit, MEXICO, MISSOURI.

#### Quaker Psychology

A gentle Quaker, hearing a strange noise in his house one night, got up and

discovered a burglar busily at work. So he went and got his gun, then came back, and stood quietly in the doorway.

"Friend," he said, "I would do thee no harm for the world, but thee standest where I am about to shoot."—The Kellog Messenger.

#### Word of Caution

Sales manager: "What's this big item on your expense account?"

Travelling salesman: "Oh, that's my hotel bill."

Sales manager: "Well, don't buy any more hotels."—Mar-Rota-Gram, MARIETTA, OHIO.

#### Complete Information

The junior member of a firm of lawyers went several hundred miles to consult a client. When he arrived, he found he had unaccountably forgotten the client's name. He telegraphed his partner, "What is our client's name?"

The answer came: "Jones, Joseph H. Yours is Kent, Jasper T."—Voice Writing.

#### Really Cold

Two mountaineers were complaining about the cold. "Nearest I ever came to freezing," said one, "was when I was holding the lantern for my wife while she cut the kindling."—Rotary Bulletin, GOSHEN, INDIANA.

#### Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

4-B. 3-D. 1-C. 2-F. 3-A. 4-D. 5-B. NUMERICAL ANSWERS: 1-C. 2-E. 3-A. 4-B. 5-D. 6-C. 7-B. 8-D. 9-D. 10-E. 11-F. 12-G. OPERATIC TITLE MATCHES: 1-E. 2-K. 3-L. 4-H.

## Limerick Corner

There are a lot of complicated things in this world, but writing limericks is not one of them. Many a reader has brightened an otherwise dark day by turning out a shining limerick, or at least the first four lines of one, and sending it to The Fixer, in care of The Rotarian Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. What others can do, you probably can outdo. Send in your contribution. If it is selected as the limerick-contest entry of the month, you will receive \$5.

\* \* \*

Below is the unfinished-limerick contest entry for this month. It was provided by Marcella Hartman, of South Bend, Indiana. Mail in a last line to complete it—send more than one if you wish. If one of yours is selected as among the "ten best," you will receive \$2. Entry deadline is June 1.

#### NO-CLICK TRICK

A Yogi, his heart full of hope,  
Went out with a length of new rope,  
But alas for his trick,  
It just wouldn't click

#### ROTARY READER

Mentioned in this corner in the January issue was a Rotarian named Black whose reading habits would make him a cover-to-cover reader of this magazine. Asked to complete the unfinished limerick about him, fellow readers got busy. You'll re-

call the verse—but if you don't, here it is:

A Rotary member named Black  
Read The Rotarian cover to back;  
He sat back and sighed  
And then he replied,

Following are the "ten best" lines selected—and their contributors:

"It's a thought feast reduced to a snack."

(S. W. Bogan, member of the Rotary Club of Coronado, California.)

"This magazine's on the right track."

(Jean Picknett, daughter of a Redcar, England, Rotarian.)

"Qualified for a symposiac."

(Mrs. Charles Muckenfuss, wife of an Aiken, South Carolina, Rotarian.)

"What a wallop for ink spots to pack."

(Mrs. Covey B. Baker, wife of a Las Cruces, New Mexico, Rotarian.)

"I wouldn't swap it for all the jack in Iraq."

(G. S. Lord, member of the Rotary Club of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.)

"It's late! I must now hit the 'sack.'"

(J. H. Lay, member of the Rotary Club of Orrville, Ohio.)

"Fine copy. I'll send it to Mac."

(J. M. Aiken, member of the Rotary Club of Orangeville, Ontario, Canada.)

"It's better than Ben's Almanac."

(Dr. J. Van Chandler, member of the Rotary Club of Kingsville, Texas.)

"Got a good friendly flavor and smack."

(Carl Shrode, member of the Rotary Club of Evansville, Indiana.)

"At last I'm as sharp as a tack."

(Wm. C. McIntosh, member of the Rotary Club of Walnut Creek, California.)

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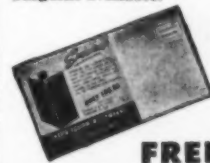
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# Last Page Comment

**"THE MEANEST** frog in the pond," someone once said, "is the old bullfrog who has forgotten he ever was a tadpole. The meanest man on earth is the old fellow who has forgotten he ever was a boy." Which is by way of reminding readers that Boys and Girls Week comes April 24 to May 1 and that several thousand communities in many lands will observe it. A father wishes elsewhere in these pages that he had his parenthood to do over. Is your town going to wish the same of this week for youngsters when it's past?

**LOOK UNDER** almost any political problem and at the root you find an economic problem. Look beneath the intense nationalism that burgeons in many lands today and you find that it springs from a struggle for economic advantage. That point is implicit in our debate for this month. On world trade, it airs the problem of rising trade barriers in newly industrializing countries and their effect on international relations. The exchange of views is unusual, we think, in that both authors, whose views are almost opposite, come from the same part of the world, Latin America. To understand why nations act as they do it is necessary to know what they do or do not trade, and why. Here a pair of Rotarians try to help their fellow Rotarians toward such an understanding.

**MEDFORD FILLED** a boxcar with canned fruit . . . Taumaruni shipped edible fats . . . Fort Smith made up 80 bundles . . . Pensacola sent off 147 food packages. You may read the details in the *Rotary Reporter* section, but enough of them are here to indicate that this is more Rotary help for the hungry, war-impooverished people of this earth. How many thousand tons of food, clothing, medicine, books, seed, cattle, tools, toys—and even neckties! (see page 46)—Rotary Clubs have sent may never be known, but the response of Clubs and

Rotarians around the world can be said to be enormous and is continuing. Founder Paul Harris once described Rotary as the Golden Rule applied. What is happening bears out his definition.

**IN HIS BOOK** *On My Way* the late Elbert Hubbard tells how he once visited Davenport, Iowa. Arriving at dawn hours before the welcoming committee expected him, he strolled around the slumbering city. One thing impressed him greatly. There were flowers and

**T**HE highest of characters, in my estimation, is his who is ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself; and at the same time as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one.

—Pliny the Younger

gardens everywhere—in front yards, back yards, along alleys, and in every section of town, rich and poor alike. When the city awakened, he asked someone about it and learned that the Rotary Club had started it with a home "Beauty Contest." Davenport, it seemed, had seized the idea and run happily wild with it. "Isn't it better," mused Hubbard, "to go crazy on beauty, cleanliness, industry, and order than to be swept off your feet with a mad desire to go to war?"

**HUBBARD'S PATH** and Rotary's crossed often, as Kenneth Dirlam notes in his article. And thousands of men who now read this magazine grew up on the writings of the "Sage of East Aurora." Hubbard was, in a way, an expression of an age. He believed work a blessing, good work one of life's highest satisfactions. He fought for better business ethics, for fuller self-development of individuals. Some say, of course, that his philosophy is out of date today. Is it? Before you

make up your mind, read—or re-read—his famous *Message to Garcia* on page 13.

**OUT OF THE** *Message to Garcia* episode of April, 1898, Cuba and the United States won two common heroes—Lieutenant Rowan and General Garcia. They are contact points between two peoples. Rotary Clubs in those two lands and elsewhere which may be searching for ways to observe Pan American Day April 14 might consider the telling of the story of the *Message to Garcia*. The needed materials are largely to be found within these pages.

**WHO HASN'T FUMLED** on the name of a familiar person? Always it's an awkward moment, especially if you are properly addressed. One quick-witted man, who often meets acquaintances whose faces he remembers but whose names he has entirely forgotten, has developed a graceful formula. "I remember your personality," he will say, "but cannot recall your name." The implied compliment more than compensates for the slip of memory—and it frequently happens that the few seconds of astonished pleasure it elicits will enable him to hook up associations so that he can add, "But it is Jones, isn't it?" or, "Didn't we meet in Peoria?"

**WE TALK** of flying in this issue, as the result of an interview with Orville Wright, the last he was to give anyone. And speaking of flying, is your community air-marked? If it's not, maybe that's a Community Service your Rotary Club might look into. Distinctive identifications on roof tops are a boon if not a necessity to the cross-country travellers who find automobiles and trains too slow. And, like as not, they may be Rotarians from a hundred or two miles away dropping over to make up attendance. That's being done rather often these days, judging from reports coming to our desk. Someday, to look ahead a bit, we're going to need Rotary wheels on roof tops as well as on the road signs at the city limits.

—your Editor

